

THE WAR OFFICE AND "THE NATION."

The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

As we go to press this (Friday) morning, we receive the following letter from the War Office:—

SIR,—I am commanded by the Army Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th April, and in reply to refer you to the statements of the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer made in the House of Commons on the 17th April, 1917.

I am to add that the Council is prepared in the case of any periodical the export of which has been prohibited, to rescind the order, if and when its columns are found to be free from statements calculated by their effect upon opinion in enemy countries to prolong the war.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
R. W. BRADE.

The Editor, THE NATION,
10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. 2.

IN the House of Lords on Tuesday, Lord Russell raised the question of the prohibition of the overseas circulation of THE NATION, suggesting that the reason was political rather than military. Lord Derby's reply was a denial, coupled with a practical admission, on the suggested ground that THE NATION, having decided that the war could not be won, was depreciating the action of the British armies. We cannot imagine a more untruthful deduction from our articles. If THE NATION desires an early peace (and every newspaper and man with a conscience must desire it), the opportunity for reaching it arises not through the failure of our effort, but through its success, unless, indeed, Lord Derby suggests that THE NATION expects and wishes for a German victory. For the rest, Lord Derby gave a point-blank contradiction to the statement of his colleague and subordinate, Mr. Macpherson, that the Headquarters' Staff had asked for the prohibition of the foreign sale of THE NATION, and declared that

they had only called attention to the offending article, *with others*. This admission was finally drawn from Mr. Macpherson in the House of Commons, but he refused to produce the letter that Sir Douglas Haig did not write (though Mr. Law declared that he did). Lord Derby's account of the matter was that the prohibition was arranged between the War Office, Mr. Buchan's Propaganda Department, and the Home Office—*i.e.*, that it was purely a decision of the bureaucracy. Lord Crowe regretted that the Government, having made its mistake, had decided to stick to it, and hinted satirically that the country did not require a second experiment in government by Eldon and Castlereagh.

* * *

AMERICA'S opinion on the suppression—of which we have received striking personal evidence—is amply indicated in the criticism of the two great weekly organs of her intellectualism. The New York "Nation" is known in every country where the love of letters (and of freedom) exists; the "New Republic" is not only a close exponent of Mr. Wilson's policy and ideas, but is one of the ablest papers in the world. The New York "Nation" says that the suppression comes with "peculiarly bad grace at the very moment that the United States is making the supreme sacrifice of war to uphold England." The "New Republic" says:—

"By issuing the order the very week America entered the war the bureaucrats certainly selected a handsome moment for this piece of grotesque stupidity. It was genial and tactful of them, for THE NATION is one of the two or three English publications that have consistently worked for Anglo-American co-operation. The weekly has been a conspicuous friend of this country and of the Wilson Administration, and no paper in England has done more to assist America's entrance into the war. Indeed, THE NATION might well claim a triumph for its policy. Yet in the very moment when its faith in America is most completely vindicated, Americans are informed that they cannot read THE NATION because it would contaminate them."

THE Washington correspondent of the "Times," summarizing American opinion on this act, stated that American "Liberals resent the suspension of the overseas circulation of THE NATION, which, they argue, has always been particularly sympathetic to Mr. Wilson's ideals."

* * *

SIR EDWARD CARSON should now be convinced of the folly of his decision to publish only part of the news as to the submarine campaign. Week by week the number of *British* losses has been published against the total of arrivals and clearances of vessels of *all* nationalities. We have pointed out, on several occasions, that such a practice conveys a false impression; and in a matter of such grave import we hoped that either all casualties would be published or none. For the last week recorded, the number of casualties is given as sixty (and a number to be announced as further loss becomes known), and, since this represents almost a 50 per cent. rise on the figure of the previous week, the natural conclusion of the superficial is that there is a "serious increase in the week's losses." Whether this is the case or not, we have no means of knowing. But it is surely obvious that the

British ships sunk represent only a *chance selection* from all those which cross the path of the submarines. Last week, which saw sixty British ships sunk, *may* have seen only ten neutral or Allied vessels; the week before, when only forty British vessels went down, there might have been eighty or a hundred neutral or Allied vessels sunk. The new practice of the Admiralty was bound, sooner or later, to produce panic. The submarine losses are serious, and they represent our chief problem in the war: but no purpose can be served by manufacturing panics.

THE present phase of the war is deciding whether the Germans shall retain two strings to their bow or only one. There is conclusive evidence that Hindenburg meant to deal a heavy blow on some part of the Front. Indeed, no fact has been so widely and so circumstantially advertized in the German Press. But the ability to take the offensive depends upon the strategic reserve. Unless it can be maintained intact, or only slightly drawn upon, there can be no offensive. The operations on the Western Front are designed to reduce the Germans to complete dependence upon the submarine campaign, instead of the campaign reinforced by a heavy blow on land. It is in this light that the Battle of the Scarpe must be judged, and the whole of that tense struggle from the Souchez to the Suippe. And, further, it is in this light that one must consider the movements below Gaza, the capture of Samarra Station, and the advance on the Salonika Front. All of these operations have their effect in the suction of fresh German forces into the struggle. It is reasonably clear that a part of the strategic reserve has already been involved. If much more of it is drawn in, Hindenburg will have no alternative but to try and stave off a decision in the West until the submarine has done its worst. According to German calculations, the next two months hold the crisis of the war.

A NEW British attack was begun on Monday. The capture of the Vimy Ridge and Monchy le Preux removed the two defences of the Scarpe Valley, which winds eastward towards Douai. It was along this valley that Sir Douglas Haig struck. The struggle became, almost at once, one of the most bitter of the war. The reason is not obscure. Any considerable advance along the Scarpe must pierce the Drocourt-Quéant position, which is apparently not yet ready for occupation. It was meant to be an intermediate defensive position in case anything should happen to the line on Vimy Ridge. But that it was not considered as an imminent question is shown by the unpreparedness of the new connecting link between the old Lens-Arras sector and old Cambrai front. If the Drocourt-Quéant line were pierced, there would be a wedge in the positions threatening to ruin them from Lille to St. Quentin. The immediate value of the attack was the necessity of vigorous defence it imposed upon the enemy. Gavrelle and Guemappe were captured, lost in furious counter-attacks, and re-captured. The counter-attacks were repeated time after time. But the advance continues. We have secured over 3,000 prisoners, and we are a step nearer positions which Hindenburg regards as of the greatest importance.

FARTHER south we have also made progress. We are nearer St. Quentin. And we are also nearer Lens. Both could be ours if we wished to purchase them at the German price; but it is more agreeable to our designs to inflict a constant drain upon the Germans. The French offensive has secured its immediate objectives, the positions which control the Craonne plateau and the Moronvillers summits. The broad thrusts, which the advance over these two sectors represent, are designed to squeeze the enemy out of the positions near Reims. Brimont and Nogent have been a nightmare for over two years. When the thrusts can be developed, these positions will be in a salient which will be held at great cost, if at all. The violent fighting has not prevented the French securing the key positions. And in the two offensives, about 37,000 prisoners with 350 guns have

been taken. The French took more prisoners and fewer guns. The bulk of the latter were over the ridge of the plateau, which our Ally only reached at two points. The total effect over the whole fighting front is to force back the Germans upon improvised positions, which will demand more men at the very time when they least desire to involve them.

THE operations in Mesopotamia are important. Though the British and Russians could not cut off the Turks who retreated from Persia, General Maude has inflicted another heavy defeat upon the enemy. The Turks who attempted to strike down from the Shatt-el-Adhaim, an eastern tributary of the Tigris, were dealt with thoroughly before the British advanced against Istabulat, on the western bank of the Tigris. The lines were attacked, and during the night the Turks fell back upon Samarra station. The British followed on their heels and occupied the station on Monday. In the two days' operations 687 officers and men were taken prisoners, and much material was secured. This included 240 trucks, 16 engines, and a considerable amount of engineering material and ammunition. The completeness of the victory is as obvious as its reflection upon the situation in Europe.

THE diplomatic approach by Austria to Russia reported last week is evidently to be read in connection with certain obscure but highly important changes in the internal situation. These changes are unwelcome to the Austrian-German parties, who sent a deputation of remonstrance to the Emperor, and they have drawn angry comments from the Jingo Press in Germany. After nearly three years of suspension, the Reichsrath is to meet, and the Emperor announces that this "revival of Parliamentary life is of extraordinary importance," asks for "harmonious co-operation" of all the peoples of Austria, and refers to the great changes which must be made after the war. In a semi-official commentary, a certain Count Nostiz, who is described as the spokesman of the Premier, attributes the decision to summon Parliament to the influence of the Russian Revolution and the new hope of peace. "Parliaments play a great rôle in our case as representing the free people of Austria." The real significance of this decision is that the idea of detaching Galicia from Austria by a *coup d'état* without Parliamentary assent is abandoned. The Slavs thus retain their majority in the Reichsrath, and the chance of achieving German hegemony and creating "Central Europe" is much diminished, if not destroyed—a valuable step on the road to peace.

THE whole of the new move towards peace, alike in Austria and among the German Social Democrats, rests on the belief that the Russian Provisional Government has officially renounced all plans of conquest, and, in particular, the annexation of Constantinople. There were always two Governments in the old Russia, and one fears that there are still two Governments. In an interview which he gave in Moscow to the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" last Sunday, M. Miliukoff repeats his former programme, as though the manifesto of the Provisional Government had altered nothing. He still believes in dismembering Austria. "We still believe in victory, and in that case not even wide autonomy for Austrian Slavs would satisfy us. Nothing less than independence can solve the problem." Turning to Constantinople, he declared that while Russia would allow freedom of trade through the Straits, she insists on "the right to close the Straits to foreign warships, and this is not possible unless she possesses the Straits and fortifies them." He went on to make the still more alarming statement that Russia would not allow equal facilities for the trade of all nations over the trunk railway, *viâ* Constantinople, from Europe to the East, since this would be "contrary to the resolutions of the Paris Conference." Clearly it is a mistake to suppose that the popular forces in Russia have won their victory over Russian diplomacy.

WHILE the German people agitate for peace, is it the fact that the German Government has ever yet renounced the extremer plans of conquest? Mr. Noel Buxton's version of the terms which were to have been offered last December, rested on the best American authority. There now comes, however, from America confirmation of the worst version that has lately been current in Europe. The "New Republic," in its issue of March 31st, confirmed the terms published in the "Journal de Genève." These included the retention of the Briey iron-field by Germany, the cession to her of a French port (Calais or Dunkirk), and the payment by France of an indemnity of six hundred millions sterling. Belgium was to give up her national army, and to accept German garrisons at Namur, Liège, and Antwerp, with German control of Belgian railways and ports, and a favorable economic treaty. The idea was to conclude a separate peace with Russia, and to confront the Western Powers with these incredible demands at the Peace Conference. "We are able," writes the "New Republic," "to say that the source of this information is reliable, and that the 'Journal de Genève' is substantially correct in its statements, though they are incomplete. The German Government is not yet prepared to renounce conquest." This, then, is the reason "why President Wilson's request for an announcement of German policy was so gruffly rejected."

THE "New Republic" is a paper so ably conducted, and is known to stand in such close, though independent, relations to the President, that its evidence in this matter is decisive. We may take it, that is to say, that at some time the German Government did wish it to be believed that these were its terms. But the announcement in the "Journal de Genève" came after the failure of Germany's offer. Having failed to get peace then, she would rather have it thought that her terms were those of a conscious victor than that they indicated real moderation and a modest estimate of her military position. Before the rejection of her offer she wished to look moderate (hence the earlier set of terms, which the "New Republic" also endorsed); after the rejection she felt the need of seeming to be truculent. It does not follow that either set of terms reflected her real mind. Each was circulated for a purpose. It may be that the latter set of terms was nearer to her real mind than the former; that remains a disquieting probability. In any case, the contradiction points to the moral that we can rely on nothing but public and official statements made by the Chancellor himself. Either German diplomacy really aims at incredible conquests, or it is so tricky that its true purpose cannot be guessed. From this dilemma the conclusion is clear; we know nothing, until we get something through public channels.

THE strikes and riots in Berlin, Leipsig, Spandau, and Essen have evidently alarmed the official world in Germany, and this may account for the emotional tone of the recent army bulletins. In the Reichstag the official speakers tried to diagnose the strikes as due solely to the shortage of food, thus excluding as motives the desire for political reforms and peace. The Conservative leader, however, would not accept this explanation, and even talked of the distribution of foreign gold among the strikers. The wish to seem to be doing something, even now, in the matter of political reform, is, however, obvious, and it is said that the Government has decided to begin the creation of a Parliamentary Ministry at once, by nominating three leading deputies (one from the Liberals, one from the Centre, and one from the Majority Socialists) as Parliamentary Under-Secretaries. A Swiss telegram states that the Press generally scoffs at this concession, and demands the establishment of responsible Government at once.

THE Corn Production Bill, founded upon the Selborne Committee Report, had a stormy passage to a second reading last Thursday, though the bulk of the Liberals abstained from opposition in the lobby. Mr. Prothero, in introducing it, admitted its highly contro-

versial nature, pleading for it as a measure of national safety. A guaranteed price for wheat and oats for a period of six years, supported by a Government subsidy, was to be the lever for raising production. If the market price fell below the limit, the Government would make up the difference to the farmer. The latter was to be safeguarded against a rise of rent. On the other hand, he must pay a minimum wage of 25s. (inclusive of allowances) to the laborer. Mr. Prothero contended that by such means we might increase our arable area by 8 million acres which, with the labor of an additional 250,000 men, could enable us to grow 82 per cent. of our total food requirements.

MR. RUNCIMAN opened a formidable attack. He showed that, while the present food emergency was utilized to lay the foundation of a permanent policy of subsidy, the measure could contribute nothing to the present pressing needs. To stimulate production by taking seven or ten millions from the taxpayer to hand it to prosperous farmers was merely a bad bargain. Most of the bounty would have no stimulative power. Land which was profitably growing wheat at a price of 35s. would grow no more at a guaranteed 60s. The provisions against the raising of rent, so as to hand over the subsidy to the landlord, were futile on Mr. Prothero's own admissions. Rents might be raised by "arrangements with the tenant," provided they were not raised in consideration of the guaranteed minimum prices! What a safeguard! As for the 25s. wage (inclusive of allowances), Mr. MacDonald showed that it was a sweating wage, utterly inadequate to sustain a laborer's family on a high level of prices. It will certainly do nothing to secure the additional labor essential to increased production.

MEANWHILE, the menace of food shortage becomes more formidable. The latest report of our losses from U-boats is by far the worst, and Lord Devonport's announcement last Wednesday that, unless sufficient reduction of food consumption was obtained by voluntary action within the next six or eight weeks, recourse would be had to compulsory rations, may be taken as the foreword of a settled intention. The situation has been handled with singular incompetence. Last autumn the heavy shortage of world harvests was known, and the "full" U-boat campaign announced. In the face of this knowledge agricultural laborers were dragged into the Army, and food production diminished. Every stage of our war economy has been dogged by the same vices—lack of co-ordination and delay. For example, the shortage of bread has been definitely aggravated by the appeal of the Food Controller for reduced consumption of meat, of which there is now known to be a plentiful supply. If we eat less meat, we eat more bread, which is precisely the reverse of what we ought to be doing.

WE recognize the difficulty of the Government. If they feared an actual famine, they dared not tell the nation, for by so doing they would tell the Germans. And yet the only way to get full action on the public mind would be to tell. For Lord Devonport ought to have known all along that voluntary rationing could not secure any really considerable reduction of the use of bread. Many upper and middle-class families, no doubt, are using less wheat, and more substitutes. But the working classes will not voluntarily reduce their bread consumption when all food prices are so high, and when the hard continuous labor they are doing demands a large supply of food. Lord Devonport at last admits that laborers must have more than their 4 lbs. of bread, and appeals to others to put up with less. But the vast majority of adult men and women are laborers. Where is the net reduction to come from? It is possible, no doubt, that the orthodox psychology may be mistaken, and that as a nation we may be consuming much more proteid and other foodstuffs than we need. But it cannot be expected that a few general scare-words will reverse all the accepted notions and habits of our people. If any large reduction is necessary to survival, it can only be got by the difficult process of compulsory rations. In that case, the sooner the safer.

Politics and Affairs.

AN APPEAL TO AMERICAN LIBERALISM.

"We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." In this sentence of his great Message to Congress, Mr. Wilson repeats with firm emphasis and fuller faith the profession of the Government of every one of the warring nations. It is deeply significant that everywhere, even in military Germany and autocratic Russia, statesmen should have felt that it was wise, and even necessary, to base their appeal to their peoples to undergo the sacrifices of war upon the sentiment of liberty. With the sincerity of such language from the lips of despotism, we do not here concern ourselves. But its use is an unwilling, and therefore a true, witness to the deep passion of personal freedom, broadening in every people into a principle of human right. It is recognized that great masses of the common people of every country are willing to lay down their own lives and those of others dear to them, not merely to secure themselves against the enforced rule of foreigners, but to release the common people of other lands, whose name is barely known to them, from suffering that fate. To the cynical spectator this common immolation on the shrine of liberty may appear the supreme example of human simplicity:—

"I died for freedom, this indeed I know,
For those who bade me fight had told me so."

But deeper reflection upon the nature of the appeal thus placed at the disposal of rulers, will find in it the very sap of humanity, the instinctive feeling that somehow the rights and liberties of others are bound up with our own, and that in protecting and enlarging them we are working out our own salvation. The slow and precarious struggle of this feeling towards that new strength which consciousness assures, is the guiding thread in the history of modern freedom. It was this flickering spark from the thought and struggles of an English revolution that kindled the great flame in eighteenth-century France and formed the soul of the neighboring Republic of the West. When Americans sing of their "sweet land of liberty," it has always been easy to smile at their sentimentalism. And no one has shown himself more fully aware than Mr. Wilson of the wide gulf which separates his nation from the practical achievement of full human liberty. But no one knows better that liberty, in the sense of an equal opportunity of realizing one's personal aims and capabilities, and of an equal share in arranging social and political conditions, lies in every true American's breast as the immutable principle not merely of his politics but of his outlook on life. Tarnished and degraded this principle may be by crooked compromises, overgrown and well-nigh strangled by a parasitic growth of class and business interests. But there it lies as a great recuperative power in the heart of the people. A man like Lincoln or Wilson knows intuitively that, when affairs are at their worst, and those of little faith are fain to despair, it is possible to appeal to that latent human faith which is America. "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" It is important that Britons should recognize that this sentiment of liberty is more fully conscious, more passionately fed, and more vocal in America than elsewhere, and that we should know that its more lavish and emotional expression is not there, as perhaps it might be here, a rhetorical decoration. The most impressive passages of Mr. Wilson's dedication of his country to the wider cause of liberty could hardly have been uttered by the statesmen of any European country without some danger of artificiality. We believe them to have been meant with a passionate sincerity not only by Mr. Wilson, but by hosts

of his fellow-citizens. And the help of America for freedom is needed, not only for the successful fighting of this war, not only for those who move in "the valley and shadow of death," but for those peoples who believe that they are themselves on the way to winning the victory in a war for liberty.

We would put our suggestion plainly. In the close material and spiritual partnership between our country and America for the rescue of civilization, America, coming in late and with her own spiritual resources as yet intact, can perform an incomparable service in helping to revive the flagging spirit of British liberty at home. Liberalism here, as the otherwise unimportant incident of the suppression of our own overseas circulation shows, is a threatened cause. Now America, under Mr. Wilson's guidance, can show better than any European State how it is possible for a free nation to fight a war for freedom without losing its own freedom in the process. Our costly lessons may even help America to conserve the principle of domestic liberty, and to avoid the dangerous temptation of short-range bureaucratic expediency to scrap every wholesome human liberty "for the duration of the war." We cannot believe that Americans will consent to lay down on the altar of war one after another of their own most precious principles of self-government, or will pretend that self-government can be conducted on any other policy than that of keeping the mind and intelligence of the people nourished with the fullest knowledge and the freest opportunities of communication and discussion.

But if Mr. Wilson and his people are to engage in the great struggle with open eyes and unfettered brains, they must have free access, not only to the facts of the European situation, but to the opinions and interpretations of those facts which can alone enable them to throw their great and perhaps determining resources into the common stock. Selected information and doctored criticism are the enemies of free co-operation, and the knowledge of that treason to intellectual liberty must weaken the moral bonds of confidence which should unite the Governments and peoples of our Alliance. The interception of the line of free communication is in fact the counterpart of those very practices of organized mendacity and intrigue with which our enemies have been seeking to corrupt the mind of the American public from the beginning of the war, and which Mr. Wilson denounced in scathing terms in his Message. Entering the war as the consecrated champion of democracy, America may rightly and reasonably ask of her democratic Allies that they shall not, by lowering themselves to the level of their enemies in their internal conduct of the war, damage the enthusiastic faith of the American people in the goodness of their cause. For Americans have as keen a sense as others of inconsistencies between principle and practice in the conduct of their friends. They may submit, like others, to certain curtailments of their normal liberties of action, in a time of war. But they will, if we mistake not, remain jealous guardians of the fundamental liberties of thought and speech. They will continue to "want to know," and to found their personal knowledge upon the freest access to the knowledge and the views of others, especially of those with whom they have the common bond of language and mutual understanding. The standard of liberty has been dangerously lowered in this country. Peace, internationalism, democracy, those related causes which Mr. Wilson has announced as the essential purposes of American intervention—the very names of these are anathema to some of the rulers of this country, the men in secret offices who set their ban upon that familiar interplay of mind and mind which is the source and instrument of every moral liberty. Perhaps the American people may still be precluded from reading this appeal; but some of them will chance to read a single, the latest instance, recorded by the "Manchester Guardian," of what is possible, and happens, not once or twice, but frequently, when Jacks-in-office superintend the traffic of the soul. An aged lady of literary tastes, in the course of a letter to her nephew in the States, quoted the well-known "Ring in" and "Ring out" verses from "In

Memoriam." She heard that the Censor had deleted "with acid" one verse, namely:—

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Mr. Balfour told the Americans the other day that they did not yet understand what they were "up against." We agree. They are up against two Powers of Evil. One is the inhuman machine of the military and sea power of Germany. The other is the conspiracy of reaction which gathers its forces in every country during war time, and strikes one by one at all the rights and causes, moral, political, and economic, which together form the substance of liberty.

Mr. Wilson, we believe, is not himself blind to either peril. Part of the reasons for his long patience lay in his desire not to risk the loss of freedom which he knew to be the unavoidable accompaniment of war. The supreme test for democracy in America will be the measure of her ability to stop the formidable back-stroke of war on liberty. And in proportion to her success in this resistance will also be the measure of the moral support she can bring to the defenders of liberty in this country. America will, we believe, remain steadfast to the double purpose of her President in the maintenance of liberty at home as in its vindication abroad, abiding not merely by the words but by the substance of his declaration, that "Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to the common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their claim."

In virtue of this declaration, we invite the aid of America to keep the "home fires" of liberty burning in this country.

WANTED, A POLICY TOWARDS AUSTRIA.

THERE are signs that the young Emperor of Austria and his Ministers are preparing an original strategy of peace. The play of diplomacy which will shape our new world-society will not follow the old beaten tracks of secret negotiation. The Russian Revolution and the entry of the American Republic have broken down the barriers and shattered the traditions. The opinion of nations counts at last. Across a double or triple censorship, our news trickles in thin and muddy streams, and we should be sorry to pretend that we wholly understand it. This, however, is clear, that the Austrian Government is particularly anxious to make a good impression on Russia, and that in order to do so, it believes that the first step is to summon the Reichsrath, and to abandon the scheme of an autocratic internal transformation. On a broad view (and we know too little for a detailed estimate) this seems to be an intelligent step. The new Russia will be moved, as the old Russia was not, by the degree of sympathy and esteem which it feels for the States and peoples with which it has to deal, whether as friends or enemies. The old days of dynastic arrangements and marriages of convenience, which turned entirely on fleeting calculations of interest, are passing, if they are not already gone. It is hard to be sure whether Vienna is thinking of making a separate peace, or of hastening a general peace, or of safeguarding itself whenever peace does come. It has realized, we fancy, that for any of these three purposes, it matters profoundly what the new Russia thinks of the Dual Monarchy. If Republican Russia regards Austria-Hungary as an incurable autocracy, and an Empire in which no Slav race can hope to find a comfortable home, then clearly the outlook for it is dark, whatever sort of peace Vienna hopes to secure. If, on the other hand, it can be suggested to the Russian democracy that Austria (in spite of the headship of its ancient medieval house) really has the makings of progressive democracy; if, further, it seems probable that its Slavs have a promising future before them, and, above all, that Austria will not be a tame item in a Central Europe governed from Berlin; then, as clearly, the path

might begin to open towards a moderate and not too distant peace. The Russian Provisional Government has, indeed, renounced all projects of conquest, but it need not be assumed that this formula implies that it is indifferent to the fate of the kindred Slav peoples of the Dual Monarchy. At this juncture comes the significant Austrian gesture, which seems to say, "Like you, we want no conquests. Like you, we have much to rearrange and repair. Like you, we are going to leave the task of reconstruction to Parliament and manhood suffrage. Why should we interfere with one another?"

What the British spectator will want to know about this very original "peace-offensive" is, of course, whether it is sincere. We move inevitably in a fog of suspicions and plots, and we do well to walk warily. One may feel some disgust with the journalistic hack-work which labels every move for peace as "peace-talk," pretends that every overture is for a treacherous separate peace, and suggests that every man or woman, be he enemy, Ally, or neutral, who works for, or speaks on, peace, on whatever terms, is a puppet agitated by wires which centre in Berlin. We must shake ourselves free from this vulgar intimidation, but equally we must beware of flattering deceptions. In forming our estimate of this Austrian move, we have first to note that it is made by new men. The first act of the Emperor Karl was to remove all the "old gang," who had been responsible for the plots, the forgeries, and the bellicose diplomacy against Serbia. The new men were associates of the murdered Archduke, shared his friendly feelings towards the Slavs, and are themselves of Slav origin. The Premier, Count Clam-Martinitz, is a Tchech, and the Foreign Minister, Count Czernin, is the author of a book which sharply exposed Magyar misrule. We may apply another external test. The new move has created something like consternation, both in Germany among the Pan-Germans and the advocates of "Central Europe," and in Austria among the partisans of German ascendancy. To treat it as a mere pantomime, and to suggest that it is part of a game invented in Berlin, is to ignore some at least of the data. We know too little for a confident judgment; but the two things we do know are that the Austrian Germans went in deputation to remonstrate with the Emperor, and that the German Jingo Press is violently angry. The presumption, failing evidence to the contrary, is, then, that this is a spontaneous Austrian strategy, that it is not inspired by Berlin, and that it is so far sincere as to alarm the party of German ascendancy.

Of the move itself, we know little more than that the Austrian Reichsrath is to meet promptly and intact. This means that a former scheme, which dated from the late reign, has been upset. The late Emperor promised in his last days to confer autonomy on Galicia. This Polish province had enjoyed a fairly adequate measure of Home Rule for more than a generation, and its deputies usually supported the Ministry in the Imperial Reichsrath. The new proposal was to detach Galicia so completely that the Poles would no longer be represented at Vienna at all. A plan is said to have been under discussion for detaching the South Slav provinces in a similar way. This would have meant the transformation of the Dual into a Quadruple Monarchy (Austria, Hungary, Galicia, Jugoslavia), with the crown and the Parliamentary Delegations as its only bonds of union. As a big step towards Federalism this plan might have been welcomed, and whatever its demerits, it at least promised happiness to the Poles and the South Slavs. It was open, however, to three grave objections. It failed to meet the national claims of the Tchechs, whose present form of provincial self-government is inadequate. It did nothing for the minorities in Hungary—excepting, presumably, the Croats. Finally, it was to be achieved by a *coup d'état* without the consent of the Reichsrath. The real motive behind it was supposed to be the wish to remodel the Reichsrath through the elimination of the Poles, in such a way that the German parties would regain their majority, and the Tchechs would find themselves an impotent minority. We are not sure that this explanation is adequate, for the Poles and the Tchechs had rarely, if ever, acted together in the past, and the

elimination of the Poles really meant a big subtraction from the reliable governmental majority. There have also been hints in the Press (we know no details) of concessions offered to the Tchechs, and of attempts, which failed, to come to a friendly arrangement with them. However this may be, the scheme was undoubtedly regarded in Germany as a plan for restoring German ascendancy in Austria, and it implied a gross and despotic blow to the authority of Parliament since the essence of it was that the Reichsrath was to be confronted at its eventual meeting by an accomplished fact. The new move will presumably include some better plan of federal reconstruction, of which, however, we hear nothing as yet. Its plain meaning is that in any future plans of reconstruction, and in any public steps towards peace, Parliament will have a voice.

Are the hopes of Austria based, then, on a separate peace with Russia? It may be so: that is wrapped in the usual fog of secret diplomacy. In any event, we refuse to entertain the hypothesis that the Russian democracy will listen to treacherous overtures. The undisguised anxiety of Austria for an early peace, and her apparent readiness to emancipate herself in some degree from German dictation, create a large problem for the statesmanship of the Entente. We do not know whether, by the offer of moderate terms, Austria could actually be detached from her Ally: manifestly, if that were feasible, the whole Central Coalition would collapse in a general *saute qui peut*. Short, however, of this, the knowledge that she could obtain moderate terms, without quite bringing Vienna to an open breach with her Ally, might well induce her so to act within the Coalition as to drive it to accept peace without delay on terms which would satisfy us. The note of the Entente to President Wilson left our intentions as to the future of Austria-Hungary deliberately ambiguous. The end which we have in view is the liberation of all her races from German or Magyar domination. That end may be sought in two ways—by dismemberment, or by the setting-up of a federal constitution on the basis of Home Rule all round. There are many objections on its merits to the policy of dismemberment—the difficulty of providing for the inevitable "Ulsters" within the newly created States or the annexed provinces, the difficulty of ensuring the fair use to all of railroads and ports, and the doubt, whether a rearrangement so catastrophic, so hazardous, so experimental, involving much discontent as well as much satisfaction for the many races concerned, could lead to stability and peace in Europe. Federalism, on the other hand, while infinitely easier of attainment, might work ill, unless there went with it some spontaneous movement towards Liberalism and tolerance.

Of such a movement there are signs in Austria, and even in Hungary the agitation for franchise reform is of good omen. If we desire that the whole weight of Austria shall be used within the hostile coalition for an early peace of the kind which will "make democracy secure," it is plain that we must indicate our readiness to accept in principle a thorough application of the federal solution as the chief means by which the claims of nationality shall be satisfied. The importance of Austrian pressure in this matter can hardly be exaggerated, for it is not certain that the military party in Germany has even now abandoned its dreams of conquest in the West. Two versions of the secret terms which Germany meant to put forward at the Conference which she proposed in December have now been published, each resting on good and apparently equal authority. One of them promised the complete restitution of French territory and Belgian independence, mentioned no indemnities, and even offered to France a part of Lorraine. The other, first published in the "Journal de Genève," and now vouched for by the "New Republic," is a monstrous catalogue of insulting impossibilities, including, with a huge indemnity and the permanent military occupation of vital points in Belgium, the cession of the Briey iron-field, and of Calais or Dunkirk. Was this latter catalogue an afterthought, invented after Germany's offer had failed, in order to reassure the Junkers? While such doubts

perplex us, there can be no fruitful consideration of peace. Secret diplomacy in these manoeuvres and uncertainties is destroying itself. We shall never know with what we have to deal in Berlin, until the Chancellor speaks frankly and publicly. The moral is, to our thinking, that the Entente, on its side, must avoid these secrecies and ambiguities. The new Russia has made her views clear as to Poland and Constantinople. The next step is to define our real intentions towards Austria. Such a step might go far to disintegrate the hostile coalition that confronts us, and by its open and direct diplomacy would help to build up the future "League of Honor."

OUR TRUE REPUBLIC.

CONVENTIONS burn quickly in the immense destructor of war; and Monarchy, which is one of the greatest of conventions, has been thrust into the furnace with the rest. Gone is the greatest of the hereditary monarchies; to the idealist it may well appear to be only a question of time and opportunity when the rest will follow. Nor is war the only converter of kingship. It destroyed the Romanoffs; but the Chinese and Portuguese Republics were issues of national polity, conceived and brought to birth in times of peace. The truth is that from the period of the French Revolution, the principle of Royalty has never been safe for long. Every movement of democracy threatens it. The revolutionary watchword of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, was no mere phrase-making motto; it was essentially a motion of the heart, and breathed the deep inward aspiration of Western politics and religion. Once spoken, those mighty words can never be forgotten; they ring an ever-recurring summons in men's ears. And Monarchy, as the outstanding example of inequality, inevitably comes under their ban, and invites their moral censure. Incidentally, the war has underlined this unfriendly comment of democracy on its rival. War makes a supreme call on the energies of the nation, and asks for the immediate production and utilization of its ablest citizens. But a monarchical system, with the society on which it rests, is apt to pronounce an exile on great men and great ideas. It affects the mediocre, the obvious; the Royal garden is a garden of geraniums and calceolarias. In Russia the dethronement of the Tsar at once assures the emergence of half-a-dozen personalities—Lvoff, Miliukoff, Kerensky, Tschaidze—whose worth was known to the thinkers and workers of political Europe years before they arrived at any kind of dominance in the government of their own land. But in a Conservative, Monarchical country, worth rises slowly, depressed not only by poverty, but by privilege. Thus our own "society," infused with democracy as it is, contributes markedly to the disfavor which follows Lord Fisher, perhaps the one original genius for war that this country has produced since Nelson. For these reasons among others, the emotional stress of war makes for a certain reaction against Monarchy, unless indeed the King be a man of exceptional parts. Royalty, says Bagehot, concentrates the mind of the nation on "one person doing interesting actions." But in war the King, unless he is a general like Frederick the Great or our William III., does not do interesting actions. He is mainly engaged in automatic functions, such as the distribution of rewards, and takes little or no share in the deeds that stir the country's mind and heart. The great demand is for initiative, rapidity of thought, individuality of ideas. And these rare fruits do not spring naturally from hereditary Royalty.

Neither hereditary kingships, therefore, nor hereditary aristocracies, present themselves as ideal heads of a country in trouble about its soul or its national existence. Must we therefore assume that the days of the British Monarchy are sped? Mr. Wells avoids this issue in his vigorous call in the "Times" for a general revival of the Republican spirit, and the adroit sophistry of that newspaper equally repels it. The reason is clear.

We shall not always be at war; and in normal times a Constitutional King like our own is *hors concours*; the struggle for the bays, the battle over the realities and the forms of politics, is so arranged that it goes on without him. Indeed, if Mr. George's system of Government were to remain, we should find the struggle for liberty centreing not in the claims of Royalty, but in the presumption of a Premier-President, whose warrant issued neither from a plébiscite nor from Parliament. When the country brushes aside this interlude, it will return, we imagine, to its general conception of the heart of British Government as residing in Parliament. The Ministry will again become a Committee of Parliament, and the broken link with the administrative departments will be restored. The King has suffered the innovations which have shaken this old and famous connection, but he has not promoted them; indeed, under their action, his office has shrunk to a measure that no Presidency, however limited, would endure. He has indeed suffered two curtailments of dignity. He has lost the Cabinet system, which yielded him a nominal right of chairmanship, and in nominating his Directory, Mr. George left out the Lord Chancellor, who is, of all Ministers, the one most closely associated with the British Crown. Only once in his career has King George stepped outside the shelter of Ministerial responsibility, and that was in the Royal speech addressed to the Irish Conference at Buckingham Palace. This novelty failed, and it has not been repeated.

The objection, therefore, to the British Monarchy is not practical, but moral and ideal. Courts are enervating, and, strung to its highest pitch of action and emotion, a great people likes to see its representative men and women in the front of the spiritual forces and the material agencies that direct it. It sees French democracy alive with ideas; American democracy with its greatest man at the head of the State, and its great mass movements of enthusiasm linked to a simpler, more wholesome, social structure than ours. Each in its own line of development, France, America, and new Russia, drawn closer to England, must now infect her with their love of equality, their keener critical spirit, their passion for culture. Nor is it possible to destroy the hereditary principle in legislation without damaging it in kingship. Opinion, and especially Conservative opinion, will strike at what has been called the Trade Union of Kings, and, in fear of the German marriage mart, call for a domestic union for the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters. But it will not rush to the Republican solution so long as it sees in the Monarchy a good titular headship for the almost Republican Empire. Neither will it look at a Disraelian reaction to decorative Imperialism. It will bar a return to personal Monarchy, if only for the reason that it loathes the kind of concealed semi-theism which the Kaiser claims for his person and office, and that it will want a higher standard of ability in its statesmanship than the merely social character of our Monarchy, the busy idleness of its normal life, permits. An able, hard-working King, put into harness in his youth, and grown adamant to luxury and snobbery, may, as Bagehot suggests, be one of the greatest of God's gifts, but he is also one of His rarest. What after-war England will want to eliminate, both by taxation and by social discouragement, is Vanity Fair and all its ways—the drones of England, the receivers of the people's rents and tolls. If these are the inseparable bodyguards of Monarchy, Monarchy will go. But the essential call will be for the Republican spirit, under the impression that, in effect, we have got the Republican model. And that is only a way of saying that the great political effort of the future is the revival of the power of Parliament, the historic centre of our governing system. In the loss of that force lies the seat of the reaction. Nominally, the House of Commons retains its old powers of taxing and making laws, and appointing and dismissing the King's Ministers. But all these rights are in abeyance. The House of Commons does not tax when it is presented with "token" estimates for hundreds of millions. It does not make laws for a

country which is under ukase. And it did not appoint Mr. George, nor have the remotest say in his appointment. It neither guides the Prime Minister, as, constitutionally, it ought to guide him; nor does he guide it. But when we get back to the true meaning of our famous constitutional motto of the "Crown in Parliament," we need not concern ourselves with the personal status of the Monarchy. We shall have got our British Republic back again.

THE ADMIRALTY'S PLAN OF WAR.

"WHAT the country must understand," says the "Morning Post," "is that British sea-power, as that expression was understood before the war, no longer exists. The old condition of affairs under which the whole economic and political system was based upon a victorious Navy and absolute freedom of transport, has departed. There is quite enough to do in altering the economic and political system to fit the new conditions." We do not accept this view, and without in the least suggesting that the "Morning Post" should have its beneficent activities curtailed, we can very vividly picture the discouraging effect which this expression of its opinion may have on our fellow-countrymen, no less than its tonic effect on our enemies. For it touches the nadir of pessimism to suggest, not only that the Navy is not victorious, but that it cannot be, and that the sooner we realize the fact, and change our economic and political system accordingly, the better. Is it true? It is not. But if it were, we might well despair of civilization, no less than of our country, for the war would be lost, and we should be at the mercy of any Power vigorous and unscrupulous enough to play the highwayman on the high seas.

Yet, apart from the calculated exaggeration of the "Morning Post," which weakens our sea-power in order to strengthen its argument for Protection, the case is serious enough. The implication of Lord Derby's recent letter to the medical profession is that the Channel crossing can no longer be regarded as safe, even with the aid of escorts. That is a grave finding. "Communications," say Mahan, "dominate war"; but in no great war of the world's history has so much rested upon sea communications. They are not only the controlling factor in the war, they condition the life of the Allies. None of us, with the exception of the United States, is self-supporting; and we depend upon the inviolability of our sea transport for food and fuel as much as for metal, munitions, and men. For many months our communications were undisturbed; and we have only to reflect upon the satisfactory condition we should be in if there were no submarines to appreciate the character of the change effected by this new element of naval tactics. We had, indeed, every chance of realizing what was threatened. Most naval men must have foreseen what has come to pass, and we are entitled to ask why no adequate provision was made against the incidence of this novel form of warfare. We have no word to say against the Navy afloat. It has yielded, during the war, a hundred examples of the bravery and resource of officers and men alike. It is not they who are at fault. It is the Admiralty which is responsible for the final direction of the naval war. The Admiralty must have seen the vast potentialities of the submarine: under the Churchill-Fisher rule they not only foresaw, but dealt with, their realization. Yet we have now come to a position in which we are bidden to make the best of the fact that we are blockaded, and that there is no adequate answer to that blockade save by adopting a number of more or less effective economies on the sea-borne things on which we live.

Clearly, we must so economize in view of the shortage of foodstuffs, and we can comfort ourselves with the thought that the enemy is immeasurably worse off. But these are the reflections of failure, not of the success which, as the supreme naval power, we expected. Why have we been allowed to drift to a condition in which

food is really short? There was no need for us to suffer at all, or, at any rate, to suffer anything approaching the coming needs. For almost the worst part of it is that this economic wound can only be truly appreciated in the years of peace. We are spending in hundreds of millions. We are living upon our capital. And the chief agent in producing these conditions is the German submarine. We are dealing with it to some extent; but we are not getting the campaign in hand, whereas with real provision, energy, and resource we might now be waging the final stage of the war and barely feeling the drain upon our resources.

Now, the essential condition under which the German submarines sail the seas is the immunity of the German and Belgian coasts. They are able to mine our ports, but we apparently do not mine theirs. We may legitimately wonder how it is that the Admiralty is content with a virtual defensive. At times we are told that the British Navy contains the German; but that is precisely what is at issue. It only contains part of the enemy while allowing another part to prey upon our transport; and most people will not feel any special gratitude for being protected from invasion if they are to be stinted of their meals. The Admiralty has had excellent advisers; but whether they have been free to advise and direct, or have been caught in the inexorable mechanism of administration, whether the great faculty of initiative is really at play in the direction of our naval war, we are at liberty to doubt. The only bold and original naval strategist of recent history was allowed to leave the helm, and his schemes of offensive warfare, as the Dardanelles Report suggests, turned down. There are certain reforms afoot. They must be adopted at once, and every effort must be made to meet and overcome this new-old danger.

It is morally certain that the submarine menace can be met, and not only by the weak expedients of replacing ships and curbing our appetites. If Germany can close our ports, we ought to be able to close hers. Naval tactics are obviously in solution. We have been building huge floating forts, and we shall continue to do so. But navies of the future will almost certainly contain thousands of small craft, light and swift enough to cover great spaces in the shortest time. They give one answer to the submarine, though not the best. That lies in the womb of experimental science. Again, there are serious naval students who suggest that with appropriate craft we could have rooted the pirates out of Zeebrugge, and gravely damaged the North German bases. If these projects were feasible, we wonder why the Admiralty did not undertake them. But in no case must this country be content to accommodate its scheme of existence—as the "Morning Post" has the assurance to suggest—to a dominant enemy Navy. Nor can we feel an unlimited pride in the fact that the United States is now ready to come to our rescue. It is, of course, incredible that we shall be starved into submission to the enemy's terms; and with the resources of America at our disposal, we have more leisure to concert our counter-attack to the assault of the submarine. But that is not the whole question. We should never have been brought to the position of dependence. The greatest Naval Power is conducting a defensive war; which merely means that it is engaged in thinking of what the Germans will do to us instead of making the Germans think of what we are going to do to them, and thus confusing and distracting their plans and fleets, whether of submarines or warships. The submarine must be conquered sooner or later, unless we are to sink to the level of the protected and Protectionist State which is the "Morning Post's" vision of the future of Britain. Why should it not be conquered now?

A NEW EDUCATIONAL IDEAL.

MR. FISHER'S speech in the House of Commons last week was chiefly important as a revelation of the spirit in which he is approaching his great task. At last we have a Minister to whom education is something more

than an aspect of politics or an aspect of trade. In this sense his speech marks a revolution. We may hope that it has taken us finally from the region of our old discreditable controversies, and that our politicians are going to allow this vital question to be treated in a new and responsible spirit. For, underlying all our quarrels in the past, there has been in the minds of most people a belief that education itself was less important than something else, and that the claims of this or that vested interest in religion or politics or commerce must take precedence of it. If once we get it into our heads that education is the power which develops the mind and the body of the citizen, and that it is the duty of a civilized State to bring every child within the range of that power, we shall enter on a new and most hopeful chapter in our national life.

The reforms promised by Mr. Fisher are, of course, the merest instalment of his programme. His speech encourages our hopes, not by what it gives, but by what it suggests. His immediate measures are too modest and too limited to do anything but justice to the tone and the range of his speech. So far as they go, they are obviously on right lines, though safeguards are necessary. For no part of the problem is more urgent than the supply of efficient teachers, since at this moment we are faced with a deficiency in relation, not merely to our future and larger schemes, but actually to our present needs. We have to create a new atmosphere for the teaching profession. When the first schools were started for factory children, it was the custom in many places to choose as teachers men and women who had been crippled in the mill, without regard to their capacities. When the Church schools were established as the rivals of the Lancaster schools, it happened not infrequently that the village schoolmaster was expected to wait at the vicar's table. The schoolmaster was looked upon as a kind of drudge. The tradition has clung to our administration, and the teacher has been regarded in too many districts as a person who discharges a necessary but undignified function. This is true of others besides local authorities for elementary education, for the salaries of masters in grammar schools are scandalously low. The consequence has been that teaching has not held its own in the competition of professions, and that the Civil Service and Commerce have proved infinitely more attractive. Yet the work of nine out of ten clerks in the Civil Service or in commercial houses offers much less from its very nature to men and women of imagination than the work of the teacher, for the one is routine work and the other is creative work. There must be something radically wrong in a society in which people prefer to do sums and copy letters rather than to train and develop mind and character.

We have to remember, too, that we are going to make the Civil Service a still more formidable competitor, if and when we carry out the proposals of the recent Commission. For the Commissioners propose, and rightly, to bring the Civil Service examination into more direct relation with the arrangements of secondary schools. This reform will tell on the scholarship field for Universities, and it will tell on the rival occupations. The youth at school is offered security and a sure salary, rising to £350 a year if he chooses to enter the service at eighteen. If, on the other hand, he looks to teaching, he is faced with uncertainty, with little hope of an equivalent salary. There are numbers of headmasters of elementary schools receiving a smaller salary than a clerk will receive in the new scale after six years' service. The average pay of head teachers is £176 for men, and £126 for women. Mr. Fisher is therefore taking the right course in dealing at the outset with this capital difficulty. He asks for a grant of about three millions and a-half, which is to be administered in such a way as to encourage the raising of salaries. The grant is to be made up on an assessment of 36s. a child in attendance, and three-fifths of the salaries paid plus one-fifth of other expenditure. The produce of a sevenpenny rate is deducted, and the balance is the Treasury contribution. Mr. Fisher claims for this arrangement that more money will be paid to poor authorities than to rich authorities, more to generous authorities than to niggardly

authorities, more to the authority which believes in flesh and blood than to the authority which puts its trust in bricks and mortar.

It will occur to many to ask what guarantee the nation has that the local authorities who are to receive those new allowances will really improve their educational equipment. Is not ginger needed as well as sugar? On this point Mr. Fisher is perhaps hardly as explicit as we should like. He tells us that the old principle of punishing an area that refuses to spend money on education will be preserved, for no authority is to receive a supplementary grant unless it raises a rate of at least one shilling in the pound. Secondly, local education authorities are to be "asked" to conform to a schedule of minimum salaries for certificated and uncertificated teachers. Again, the grant is not to be renewed at the end of a year unless the Board is satisfied with the arrangements of the local authority in respect of salaries, special schools for older scholars, teaching of handicrafts, cookery, gardening, and school attendance. It may be found necessary, we fancy, to put more power into the hands of the Board for dealing with refractory and reactionary authorities.

There is no suggestion of the millennium, and a very distant prospect of near advance in the scale of the provisions now to be made. That large part of the nation which has taken an active share in the dangers and privations of the battlefield is far bolder and more revolutionary in its expectations and its ambitions for the future than the world of politicians and officials. In war a nation counts its youth with anxious impatience, and when peace comes the mass of the nation will refuse to accept the view that it is only for war that it is worth while to train the minds and bodies of their children. Mr. Fisher makes a start by raising the school leaving age to fourteen. We should hope that this is merely a stage, and a brief stage, and that local authorities will even now be allowed to go beyond it. But this reform must, of course, be accompanied by an ambitious scheme for boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen. Mr. Fisher says that he does not wish to see a single child wasted. From the point of view that became fashionable with the industrial revolution, a child whose infancy was spent after the manner of Darius Clayhanger in Mr. Arnold Bennett's great novel was not wasted, but used to great advantage. From the point of view adopted by Mr. Fisher in his speech, every child is valuable, while to training, mental and physical, less than half the week is assigned. This is on every ground the most opportune moment for reform. Industry has passed through a second revolution, and the war has in this sense created a situation admirably adapted to a great change in the relations of adult and adolescent labor. Such a chance may never come again.

Mr. Fisher mentioned a fact of remarkable interest and importance in his speech, for he told the House of Commons that, as a result of the higher wages paid during the war, the number of children attending secondary schools has already increased. This, in spite of the demoralizing temptations of the war, and the levity with which many education authorities have surrendered the interests of the children. Let anybody throw back his mind to the last great war, and think what it would have meant in our history if the generation growing up in the time of Waterloo and Peterloo had obtained a higher standard of life and comfort than the generation that was growing up at the time of the outbreak of the French Revolution. Our whole history for a century would have been profoundly different. The war has brought evils and reactions too visible and serious to need recording, but, at least, we shall start on reconstruction under infinitely more hopeful conditions than those that made the plan of 1815 so terrible a landmark in our national life; we shall not start with a population that has been driven down into a deeper abyss of despair and degradation. If at such a time we content ourselves with the paltry measures that seemed adequate and even generous before the war, we shall act with unpardonable treason to the men and women who have suffered in this war, and to the children for whom the nation is to-day more than ever responsible.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE point of Lord Derby's speech in the House of Lords seems to be its disclosure that THE NATION was banned, not by the soldiers, but by the bureaucrats. We know that the Prime Minister did not do it; nor the War Cabinet, nor the civil side of the War Office; nor the Foreign Office *quâ* Foreign Office, but only through Mr. Buchan's "Propaganda." And now we have it that Sir Douglas Haig did not do it either, and that Mr. Bonar Law's deliberate statement that "the Commander-in-Chief wrote" from France is without a tittle of foundation. Where, then, did this act of Miraculous Incubation begin? The point is of great importance, for it now appears that the House of Commons was gravely misled. On Monday Mr. Pringle declared that "no request was made from headquarters to have the foreign circulation of THE NATION suppressed." Mr. Macpherson answered that "if such a statement is made, it is quite untrue." Mr. Pringle then asked whether the House was to understand that "no such letter existed," and Mr. Hogge added categorically: "It does not exist." To which Mr. Macpherson retorted: "It does exist."

WELL, it does not exist, and the House of Commons was grossly misled. For Lord Derby could only suggest that Headquarters had "called the attention" of the War Office to the article in THE NATION, while admitting that it did not ask for the suppression of the foreign sale of the paper. That decision, hawked round from one bureaucrat's table to another, rests somewhere between them. But it was not the act of the Commander-in-Chief or of Headquarters in France. They do not appear to have liked the article. No man or class likes criticism, though in war no man or class escapes it. But this proscription came from the small secret people who for months have been infuriating Americans with their decrees as to what they shall read and what they shall not read.

I APPEND a fresh gathering of quotations from British newspapers by the German propaganda:—

The "Daily Mail," for criticizing National Service.

The "Globe," the "Daily News," and the "World," for their articles on food shortage.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Journal of Commerce," on the U-boat depredations.

The "Morning Post," on the rise in the price of wheat.

The "New Statesman," for discussing Mr. Macpherson's statements as to our lost supremacy of the air.

THE NATION, on the Lloyd George legend and the possibility of a Conservative Cabinet.

Similarly, the "Daily Graphic," on the instability of the Lloyd George Cabinet.

THE NATION, as to the non-binding character of the Imperial Conference.

The "New Statesman," on its anxiety about Wilson's power to declare war.

The "Times." The "Norddeutsche" quotes, with great enjoyment, Mr. Whittaker's articles disproving starvation in Belgium.

The "Times" ("Frankfurter"), on its statement that the war will be over before America is ready. (N.B.—This is a garbled quotation.)

The "Fortnightly," for its tone on the U-boat campaign. So with the "Telegraph."

THE terrible tale of the German corpse-converters has moved many of us to an examination of it. On one side the evidence seems conclusive. The factory

described by Herr Rosner is plainly concerned with animals only—the wording shows that clearly. Moreover, the general application of “Kadaver” to the bodies of animals is not contested. For example, I have before me the title-page of a book of reference on German Crematoria. The work is divided into three volumes. The first, as my readers will see, deals with the destruction (not the “conversion”) of human bodies; the second with those of animals. In the first case the word used is a compound of Leiche; in the second of Kadaver. Here is the original:—

DIE
MODERNEN VERNICHTUNGSANLAGEN
ORGANISCHER ABFALLSTOFFE.

I.

DIE LEICHENVERBRENNUNGSANSTALTEN
(DIE KREMATORIEN).

II.

DIE KADAVERVERNICHTUNGSANLAGEN.

III.

DIE ANLAGEN ZUR BESEITIGUNG DER ABFALLSTOFFE,
WIE MULL UND FAKALIEN.

This reads like an acquittal. My only doubt arises when I come to the original account in “La Belgique” of the removal of the crematoria from the neighborhood of Liège to the much more distant Gerolstein, on German territory. This was part of a scheme for the creation of a company called the “Deutsche Apfalverwertung Gesellschaft,” with a capital of five million marks. All the (open) waggons carrying the bodies of German soldiers were marked with the initials of this company. Why this removal? The writer in the “Belgique” insists that the motive was an economic one, and describes in great detail the processes of conversion and recovery of fats. Is his report a genuine one? Has he, either in error or bad faith, transferred to humans the processes applied only to animals? That is the point on which one hopes some conclusive evidence will be given, so that people here may at least cease thinking even of some Germans as a kind of cannibal at one or two removes.

THE Swedish situation should be carefully watched. Owing to the blockade there is a great scarcity of food. This in turn creates a certain tension in the country, and demonstrations have been held in many towns to protest against the smallness of the bread rations. A scene of this kind occurred outside the House of Parliament in Stockholm last Saturday, and several members of Parliament, especially the famous leader of the Labor Party, Mr. Branting, addressed the crowd. The workmen want larger bread rations. Therefore, they insist upon the Swedish Government coming to an agreement with England on food imports. The late Government of Mr. Hammarskjöld could not settle the question. The present Cabinet of Mr. Swartz, which is also a Conservative Administration, and has only been in power a few weeks, owes its existence to an understanding with the Opposition—the Liberals and the Social Democrats—that this matter shall be settled without delay. If it fails, it is likely to go too. Now note the reaction on our own politics. The ultra-Conservative Press in England—above all, the “Morning Post”—has repeatedly attacked the idea of concluding any agreement of this kind with Sweden. Yet it is in the corresponding circles in Sweden, namely, the ultra-Conservatives, which have strong pro-German and anti-English leanings, that the opposition to such a treaty is to be found. On the other hand, all those people in Sweden—the Liberals and the Social Democrats, men like Mr. Branting, Baron Adelswärd, and others—who are constantly accused by their opponents of being pro-Entente to the extent of unneutrality, are the champions of an Anglo-Swedish commercial treaty! This is how anti-Liberalism here plays the game of pro-Germanism abroad. It is one example among a score, and is

obviously prejudicial to our cause among the neutrals. And what check does our Tory bureaucracy apply to it?

It is rather a pitiful coincidence that the death of two such great entertainers as Sir Frank Burnand and Harry Paulton should come in the same week. I suppose this generation hardly knew Paulton; and I suppose, too, that I am merely drawing on a treacherous memory when I recall him as the funniest actor I ever saw, he and the immeasurably greater Coquelin. Both had “india-rubber” faces, and though Paulton made far less of the strange mobility of his features, he put them to one most diverting use. This was an expression of extreme melancholy, which he accentuated by the sad, monotonous drone of his voice. The accompanying speech was a species of sententious humor, of his own manufacture; it was the combination that was so droll.

THE public concludes that Burnand’s “Punch” was better than Tom Taylor’s, which preceded it. It was much livelier, and Burnand’s contributions to it, such as some of the “Happy Thoughts,” and the incomparable “Strapmore” (one of the best of modern parodies), gave it a light, brilliant touch and air. But it was also less of a criticism of life, just as Sir Owen Seaman’s very amusing “Punch” is rather less such a criticism than was Burnand’s. But surely “Punch” depends little on its editors. Thackeray and Leech were glorious fore-runners. But the golden prime of “Punch” was the “Punch” of Tenniel, Du Maurier, Keene—especially of Keene, greatest of that astonishing three. Among them they gave you political England, well-to-do England, lower middle-class and quaint England [I add Scotland with a renewed benison on the head of Keene]. Burnand was an impassioned punster and wit, and, I believe, a good and industrious editor. But the sustaining power was the immortal three.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

ON THE AGENDA OF HUMANITY.

SINCE the exchange of notes between President Wilson and the Allies, the idea of a League of Nations has taken its official place on the agenda of humanity. We discuss it no longer as an aspiration. It is one of the things which in one form or another will undoubtedly be realized. It is an item in the world’s accepted programme of work, like the shaping of a Russian Republic, the liberalizing of Prussia, and the realization of Irish Home Rule. The time has come to discuss in detail what we mean by it. Some Continental Pacifists like Otlet and Fried have published valuable schemes. By far the most practicable and the most influential is that which an English Committee, under Lord Bryce, drafted two years ago. Though it was published for the first time only this month (“Manchester Guardian,” April 12th), its outlines have been made familiar through the writings of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and, through the propaganda work of Mr. Taft’s “League to Enforce Peace” and the British “League of Nations Society,” have become the accepted basis for discussion throughout the English-speaking world. A better starting point we shall not find. It is a model of simplicity, and it errs, if it errs at all, on the side of moderation and modesty. When Lord Bryce and his colleagues began their work, they were pioneers, preaching what was still a Utopian idea, and they limited their proposals, accordingly, to the barest minimum. The tide of two years’ universal war has pulverized the old world in which we were reared, swept away the obsolete tradition of the absolute independence of the Sovereign State, obliterated frontiers and prejudices, broken in America the solid tradition of

isolation, and tossed aside in Russia the worst negation of democracy. The coldest amongst us approaches the world's problems in something like a revolutionary mood. When thinking is turned seriously to the good work which Lord Bryce and his friends did in the early months of war, the tendency, we believe, will be, not to subtract from it or to whittle it away, but rather to add to it, and to give it a wider scope.

The individuality of the Bryce scheme lies primarily in its modest starting-point. From the days of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre and Kant, down to Otlet and Fried, most Continental Pacifists have conceived their task as one of organic reconstruction. With more or less of reserve and qualification, they have sketched some kind of federal union for Europe or the world. The contribution of the English and American mind to the problem is at once less daring and more easily realizable. It makes less appeal to the world's imagination, but it requires less faith from the world's statesmen. Neither this parent scheme nor its two derivatives give us anything resembling a World Federation, nor do they create a world-police. They suggest neither an Executive Council nor a "Parliament of Man." They do not even propose a capital for their League of Nations, nor do they give it any visible shape or habitation. Their aim is more limited. They have sought for a mechanism, a procedure, a super-structure to be raised on the existing fabric of diplomacy, by means of which wars may, as far as possible, be prevented, and peace (as the Americans prefer to put it) "enforced." They have followed, not the academic line of pacifist thought, but the narrower road of diplomatic evolution. They have tried, by working on the model of the Anglo-American Treaty, to give the machinery first tentatively laid down at The Hague a more adequate form. Their problem, in short, is not to organize mankind, but to harness the existing goodwill in the world for the limited but all-important purpose of preventing war. Their starting-points were these (1) to devise an agreement for delay, so that wars shall no longer surprise the world, before the resources of mediation and conciliation have been exhausted; and (2) to lay down a procedure by which the general moral condemnation of "aggression" may be given play. No Government avowedly embarks to-day on aggression. But the idea is so equivocal as to be useless in this complex world. An aggressor, given this scheme, can be at once defined. He is the Power that makes or prepares war, without submitting to the procedure of conciliation or arbitration laid down in the fundamental treaty of the League. Jaurès did much to popularize this idea, but it cannot be utilized to the full until a workable procedure has been devised in advance, and until it has been accepted by most if not all of the civilized Powers, who will agree not merely to abide by it, but to enforce it.

Every detail and every word of this carefully-drafted sketch will have to be scrutinized, and subjected from every national angle to the helpful criticism of the world. But there is room, before that stage is reached, for the free play of uncommitted thought upon the basis itself. In the main, we think this Anglo-American line of approach more promising than that of Continental federalists. But it is possible that in its anxiety not to seem Utopian, it errs by a deliberate refusal to address the imagination of the masses. The mood of the world, when the war-worn armies stagger back from the trenches, and survey the catastrophe without fear or hate, will not be the mood of the public for whom this cautious scheme was designed. It is too much a mechanism, and the masses may find it rather abstract. A good deal might be done to evoke their loyalty, without making an excessive demand on the constructive daring of statesmen. The League must have a capital: children of all ages must be helped to visualize it. For our part, we should give our vote for an internationalized Constantinople, as the New Rome of the new era, with St. Sofia as the cathedral of humanity. The masses again may feel that this is not a League of Nations at all, but a League of Governments. With a Republican Russia reviving the proletarian "international," and an American President stirring us by his appeal to "make democracy secure," will the world after the war be satisfied with an inter-

national mechanism which nowhere brings peoples together, and nowhere recognizes the representative principle? An International Parliament, composed of delegates elected by each national Parliament, would not be hard to create, and even if its place in the League were at first consultative only, it would serve to bring men of kindred opinions together across the frontiers, and would become, as it drafted resolutions and proposed lines of collective action for the Powers, the instrument of advance towards an intimate international life.

As a working mechanism the scheme may need a little tightening up. Its chief defect is that on which Sir Frederick Pollock has laid stress. The League must have an Executive Council. It is certain that if it really lived at all, some Powers would assume leadership. The work of statesmanship would go on by private interchanges of views between London, Washington, Paris, and Petrograd, and the feeling would soon grow up that the League was being "run" by a party. The other alternative is that it would have no leaders, no centre, no collective will, and would be an inert and idle mass. Our own proposal would be to create a recognized Executive, sitting permanently as a council of vigilance and foresight and potential action, in its capital. The Conference of London during the Balkan Crisis would be our model, and we should regard this Cabinet of the Cabinets of all the Great Powers, primarily as the means for concerting action among them. Some body there must be more official and authoritative than the Council of Conciliation, which can say, "This dispute is getting dangerous; had you not better refer it to the Council?" Some body there must be, with its expert military staff at its elbow, which can watch over the working of disarmament, and act promptly when "hostile preparations" become menacing. Again, one may doubt whether the pledge to enforce the fundamental obligation of the League, in the last resort by arms, can be left without further definition to the honor of the signatory Powers. If any Power is tempted to play the aggressor, its action may depend on its belief or its disbelief that overwhelming forces can be massed against it. If the League is a flabby, unorganized mass, an aggressive Power may try to take it by surprise. To what extent is each signatory bound to join in any general action? With how many ships and with how many army corps? Is Japan bound to act in Europe, or Italy in the Far East? Are little neutrals to bear proportionately the same weight as Great Powers? All these details must be known, if the force of the League is to be deterrent, and this implies the existence of an Executive with its staff. The League must be a permanent, living reality, felt at every crisis, anticipating every crisis. If it is much less than this, safety will force its members to create once more the old type of alliance.

Lord Bryce's Committee did its work before the Paris Conference. That body has stated (though it aimed at something else) the problem of the world's economic interrelations in a form which demands an instant answer. A League of Nations would be driven in the mere effort to prevent war, to devise an economic policy. Our own belief is that this issue must be boldly faced at the start. Boycotts, exclusions, differential tariffs, "wars after peace," would wreck any League at once. The question cannot be left open. Since a League dare not risk an economic war within itself, it must prepare economic peace. One of the first acts of international reconstruction at the settlement, or immediately after it, must be to draft some minimum charter of economic freedom for all the world which is resolved to live at peace. A general most-favored-nation clause, the prohibition of differential tariffs in non-self-governing Colonies, the open door in such regions as China, and some mechanism assuring for all industrial peoples equal rights of access to essential raw materials—these are the main items of such a Charter. We should hope to use these advantages as an alternative to coercion, in order to cement the League together. The power of withdrawing these privileges from disloyal States would provide an alternative sanction, more easily applied and less barbarous than military force. But no such sanction could be used with effect unless the League is first welded

together on the basis of an elaborate economic interdependence. Finally, we would enter a caution, not against the Bryce scheme, but against some of the arguments used by some of its American advocates. If we are going to prevent war, we must provide adequate redress for injustice, and a reasonable scope for legitimate ambitions. We must beware of regarding the League as a sort of insurance society for satisfied Powers. To prevent, to repress, to punish, may be part of its function. But it must not become a mere organ of criminal justice, or a mere defensive League for the *status quo*. It must remember that life is change and growth, and reflect that wars occurred in the past, not merely because statesmen intrigued and demagogues ranted, but also because no organization existed which would make without war fundamental changes in the world, when changes were due. A League to prevent war must also be a League which will make, for growing peoples and changing conditions, the adaptations which every living organism demands.

"LORD OF THE SABBATH."

We have great respect for Dr. Horton as a theologian, a scholar, and a politician. We admire his eloquence, and still more his persistence along the particular line of his service. But we cannot think him happy in his manner of inculcating the religious observance of Sunday. In a letter to the "Times," he attacks the Archbishop of Canterbury for some "dispensation" which he appears to have given to those who, in the present straits, devote part of their Sunday leisure to the cultivation of the land. He asks him how the suspended Fourth Commandment is to come again into operation. He says the dispensation has worked swiftly and effectively, half-emptying the churches and filling the fields. He says it is easier to shatter than to restore these unwritten and unailing ordinances of the Gods (as Sophocles called them). When the Bishop of London advises church in the morning and fieldwork in the afternoon, Dr. Horton asks how, then, shall the churchgoer pray that his heart may be inclined to keep the Fourth Commandment. Are the Commandments divine, or are they merely human? he asks. He refers to a passage in Exodus which enjoins rest on the seventh day even "in earing time and in harvest." He wishes to know whether even bishops have the right to suspend the Commandments. He says he speaks for millions in entreating the Archbishop to rehabilitate the desecrated law. And he concludes with the following sentence:—

"When winter lasts into April, and not only the snowdrops and the crocuses, but now even the daffodils and the primroses have to push their way through snow-drifts, and the seeds are killed in the furrows, they" (i.e., thousands of people), "begin to wonder whether even a food supply is best obtained by putting the ordinances of man before the Commandments of God."

If, as seems to be implied, thousands of people really regard a cold and late spring as a chastisement inflicted upon English people for doing field-work on Sunday, it is we who begin to wonder. When they consider the heavens, the moon, and the stars; when they try to conceive that in a patch of midnight sky, looking like a square yard of faintly illuminated darkness, myriads of constellations greater than the sun with all its planets lie hidden; when thought reels in attempting vainly to imagine a beginning of the universe in time, or an end; when they are told of comets approaching our sight upon unerring courses of a million miles a day; when they feel the currents of the winds and oceans, or watch the flashing wings of the storm; when they try to realize what is meant by the thousands of human souls like their own, rushing through the few years from birth to death, struggling, sorrowful, tempted, but lit by gleams of happiness and even virtue; can they then suppose that a Spirit who breathes through all the universe and the soul of man will divert the seasons and scatter the snow in vengeance upon a whole nation because men and

women are breaking the Fourth Commandment by digging the fields and garden-plots of Golders Green? If they really suppose that, it is a poor idea of God that they conceive, and it is in their own poor image that they have made Him.

Nor do Dr. Horton's appeals to Exodus move us. There are many laws in Exodus, Deuteronomy, and Leviticus which the Christian world has never acknowledged as binding, but has left to Jews, if indeed even Jews observe them all. Life implies growth, implies change, and a persistent observance of the letter of laws and regulations may end in mere ritual and spiritual death. It is true that, to many quiet and unenterprising people, a literal obedience brings an easy satisfaction, for obedience is the easiest, as well as the most dangerous, of virtues. But we should have thought that Dr. Horton might have considered what a vivifying criticism—what an expanding transformation—Christ himself brought to bear even upon the Decalogue. Dr. Horton knows much better than we how often Christ began his criticism of the Jewish law, including the Decalogue, with the words, "You have heard how it was said by them of old time," and then proceeded so to transform those old and outworn regulations that they expanded into nobler and spiritual counsels, far beyond the conception of those who crept with comfortable self-satisfaction along the lines of literal precept. "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery"—many people go through life without breaking such commandments, and are thought as good as gold. But hatred, contempt, evil-speaking, the animal view of women—those are the difficult things to avoid, and by insisting upon their avoidance in the spirit, Christ appears to us to have transfigured the Decalogue so incalculably that the literal observance, though convenient in ordinary life and as a guide for law-courts, hardly counts in the spiritual nature of man. It is quite true that Christ loved the young man who came running to him and said he had kept the Commandments all his life. But even upon that impetuous nature he imposed a task far outside the limits of Commandments—something extraordinary, passionate, demanding devoted sacrifice. It seems that to Christ even the Decalogue was a code of ordinances suited to the Israelites in their time, but liable to ossify into ritual and death, unless vivified by the growth, the change, which all life implies.

On the particular point of the Fourth Commandment, Christ's opinion was so obvious and explicit that one need hardly even refer to his dispute with the Pharisees in a cornfield one Sunday. Hunger, he said, justified the breach of a literal law, and he quoted the instance of David, who ate the shewbread and gave it to his men, because they were hungry.

Well, the whole nation—almost the whole world—is hungry now, as it is likely to be when millions of the best workers and agriculturists of the world are engaged in killing each other or sending food to the bottom of the sea, and make no distinction between Sunday and the week. So that now, if ever, we might suppose that, since the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, the son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath, and the hungry sons of men may use it to preserve their life.

All this we believe to be true, reasonable, and in the highest sense Christian. But, at the same time, under the hideous stress of war, we must not forget that the Sabbath was made for man. The reservation of the seventh day for rest ranks among the highest benefactions for mankind. If we had gained nothing else from the Israelites and their lawgiver, for this alone we should owe them lasting gratitude. That the idea of the rest sprang from a beautiful but primitive legend of creation makes no difference to our debt. Other forms of religion have ordained holidays, feast-days, celebrations of one deity or another. But Moses fixed every seventh day for rest, regular, certain, immovable. The layman can calculate its coming as easily as the priest, nor does it shift about with the idiosyncrasies of Ides and Nones and Easter moons. By a skill which we may call inspired, it appears that precisely the right interval has been chosen. Six days' labor and one day's rest seems the best arrangement for man. To be sure, there are some,

even in Christian countries, and a few, perhaps, even among Jews, who are driven to seven days' labor on end; and, even in Christian countries, there are many who prefer seven days' rest without a break. But we believe that in both cases they suffer. Both classes suffer from monotony, dullness, and lack of spiritual or intellectual exercise; one suffers also from nervous exhaustion of spirit, the other from fatty degeneration of the soul. It would be hard to say which class is the more unenviable, but there is no doubt as to which is the more unserviceable to their fellows, and, on the whole, it is probably more immediately important that those who rest seven days should be ensured work for six than that those who work for seven should be ensured rest for one.

The nations not so blest as we have laughed at the British Sunday. Bismarck had a story that when first he landed in England and went whistling down the streets of Hull, a grim figure told him he would burn for ever if he made that noise on a Sunday. Those who were unhappy enough to be brought up in mid-Victorian years, know how heavy a shadow the approach of Sunday cast over the week from Thursday morning onward, and with what a sense of exhilarated relaxation one went to bed on Sunday night, knowing that six whole days of lively interest and earthly adventure lay before the return of that appalling interlude. To learn "I desire" in the Catechism or the doings of Biblical kings (usually evil); to sit through the service, kneel through the Litany, fidget through the sermon; to be allowed no stories but "The Family Sepulchre" (twelve death-bed scenes), or at best the "Sunday at Home"; to endure the Sunday dinner and a plodding walk, unrelieved by search for animals or bird's-nests; church again in the evening, with nothing to lighten one's darkness but the knowledge it would soon be over—that was a stern discipline which most modern children, we suppose, escape. Perhaps, in its most oppressive form, it was limited to the Midlands and the North. In Scotland the prohibitions were even stricter and more numerous; but then there was the walk over the hills and moors, the interval for lunch in the graveyard before worship began again, the perpetual excitement of watching sheep dogs under the seats, and the wonder whether they would howl when we sat down to sing those hideous rhyming versions of the Psalms upon which Scots people used to nurture their sense of poetry.

Yet, no matter what one may have suffered in the past, put it at its lowest, and our Sunday must be preserved. At its lowest, in our city life it appears to be a condition of health. It is true that journalists, letter-sorters, tram-drivers, and people in a few other trades have to work on Sunday, no matter what kind of spring-tide heaven may send. But they generally get Saturday off, or if they do not, they suffer. The present experience in munition works is evidence. The experiment of knocking off Sunday work in the controlled factories of Tyne and Tees has been tried four months, and with such success that Sunday work is to be abolished from next month in most of the munition works in the Kingdom. Nor is the benefit all bodily. Far from casting a heavy shadow over the end of the week, the approach of Sunday for most people gladdens it with light. It gives hope before the day arrives, and the passing hours of the day allow the spirit to rest, to recover, to launch out upon new channels, to know delight, to adore the highest, or at least to sleep. Probably most people have felt that Sabbath calm which appears to pervade our quiet country places on Sunday, and may sometimes be perceived even in cities. A solemn stillness which then holds the air is mainly a matter of association. From childhood most of us have been so accustomed to solemnity and silence on Sunday, that the mere name of the day instils the sense of what befits it, and no matter how cracked and monotonous the clangor of a chapel bell, it is orchestrated by the memories of a thousand days of rest. Cowper's verses on Alexander Selkirk are, for the most part, examples of amusing bathos, yet to us there is something natural and touching in the solitary's lament that his untenanted valleys and rocks never heard the sound of the church-going bell, nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Letters from Abroad.

AMERICAN OPINION ON THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the eve of the declaration of war against Germany, American opinion appeared more hopelessly divided than was the opinion of any other nation upon its entrance into the war. Since the declaration of war, American opinion has presented an appearance of astonishing uniformity. We had an apparent majority that seemed irreconcilably opposed to war. Now a majority more overwhelming than the Congressional vote would indicate has accepted the war with resolution, if not with enthusiasm. It is no wonder that German commentators have drawn the conclusion that the American democracy is fickle, capable of anything under the influence of a powerful leader. What produced the change? Not any new German insult or outrage more hideous than those we had endured in the past. It must have been President Wilson's stand that wrought the miracle. Some commentators in the Allied countries have reached a similar conclusion. They look upon President Wilson as a statesman who has attained to a moral dictatorship of the Republic, and draw the inference that the people will follow where the President may choose to lead.

Upon close view, however, both the earlier division of opinion and the later uniformity prove illusory. No miracle has been wrought; we are united in declaring war, but we are capable of falling into opposing parties upon issues pertaining to the objects of the war. Ever since the invasion of Belgium American sympathies have ranged themselves on the side of the Allies. The important line of cleavage has been, not between pro-Ally and pro-German, but between those who wished to act upon their sympathy with the Allied cause and those who wished America to remain aloof from European complications. The latter party was especially strong in the Middle West. But it was properly to be defined rather in class terms than in terms of geography. Its following consisted chiefly in the small business men, farmers, skilled laborers, who are more nearly predominant in the Middle West than in other sections. It is this element in the population that best conserves the traditions of the American democracy.

This "Middle Western" resistance to American intervention in the war has been generally misconstrued by the more ardent pro-Allies of the great cities and the Atlantic seaboard. It has been imputed to materialism, sloth, cowardice, incapacity to comprehend the import of the issues at stake in the war. But an intimate study of the *personnel* of the anti-war party would not have confirmed the hypothesis that these vices are unusually prevalent in it. The Middle West desired to keep out of the war for reasons quite analogous to those that kept England from warring upon Turkey at times of Armenian or Macedonian atrocities. Sympathy for an outraged people and detestation of the aggressor had to be subordinated to traditional political values. It was not clear to moderate opinion in America that intervention in the war would abate its horrors or make for a more just and stable peace. The defeat of German autocracy was recognized as a desirable end, but its corollary, the victory of Russian autocracy, seemed a heavy off-set. The restoration to France of French territory, the extension of Italian and Serbian boundaries to the limits fixed by nationality, were regarded by American Moderates as desirable ends in themselves. But what guarantee could we have that the redistribution of territory in the event of an Allied victory would follow principles we could approve? How could we be sure that we should not find ourselves involved in an enterprise revolting to our sense of international justice, and compromised in a European adjustment menacing to the future peace of the world? For such uncertainties the moderate pro-Ally party was not willing to stake our traditional and much valued policy of isolation.

Through three difficult years President Wilson had

established his character as the exponent of Moderate American opinion. He had endured German insult and injury with the same resolution that the "Middle West" had endured them. He had been reviled for supineness and had remained serene, sharing the lot of the Moderate party. He had refrained from provocative preparations for war, at the risk of universal execration, and thus had established the sincerity of his efforts for peace beyond cavil. The President had done nothing to inflame public opinion: on the contrary, it was generally believed that he had withheld evidence of German intrigue that might have aroused the war spirit. He is committed to the principle of a non-punitive peace and of an international organization based upon good will among nations. Accordingly, when the President reached the conclusion that Germany's attacks upon American honor had become intolerable, and that American intervention would make for the triumph of democracy and international peace, he quite naturally carried the bulk of moderate opinion with him. His decision was accepted, however, not as the voice of authority, but as the verdict of a jury whose representative character is unimpeachable.

America is in the war, but not by a triumph of the pro-war party. It is Moderate opinion that has made war, and that is in control of the national policy. This does not mean that the nation will fail to put forth all its energies in the prosecution of the war. But it does mean that neither President Wilson nor anyone else can carry the people with him in support of war policies that do not commend themselves to the democracy as just and ultimately consonant with international harmony. If America's entry into the war should give new impetus to a desire for the elimination of Germany as a world power and the immoderate aggrandizement of other nations, the American democracy will quickly lose heart in the enterprise. American opinion is committed to the Allied cause, but it conceives the Allied object to be international justice, and expects this object to remain single to the end.—Yours, &c.,

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Letters to the Editor.

FROM SOLDIERS.

SIR,—Having just seen in the "Daily Chronicle" that the sending of one of your numbers to subscribers abroad was prohibited, I now understand why my copy did not reach me. I deplore deeply that such action has been taken by our Government, as I regard your paper as being the best and sanest advocate of British National policy, and I only hope that no passing persecution to which you may be subjected in these terrible days will turn you by one hair's-breadth from the policy your paper so ably expounds. Evidently, however, for a "Hide-the-Truth" organ, you tell more truth than is relished in some quarters.—Yours, &c.,

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

SIR,—I see that it has been stated by apologists of the Government's action in banning the foreign publication of *THE NATION* that the trend of its articles is of a nature calculated to discourage the British Forces.

I should like to assure such people from my own experience and from my acquaintance with a number of B.E.F. readers of your paper that the weekly *NATION* is to them a source of unfailing stimulus. The reason being that your paper still stands by the principles for which a great many of us enlisted to fight for in the autumn of 1914. The disappointment and discouragement to us would be to discover that it was easier to defeat Prussianism in France than to eradicate it from Whitehall.

To win abroad and to suffer defeat at home would be the most supreme and bitter irony.—Yours, &c.,

LIEUTENANT.

SIR,—Enclosed please find one quarter's subscription to *THE NATION*.

That's what one soldier thinks of your suppression.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. B.

SIR,—It may interest you to know what a professional soldier, who has been in the Army a dozen or more years, and in France for two and a-half years, thinks of *THE NATION*.

My brother, an officer in the — (we have the name of the regiment), to whom I have sent *THE NATION* ever since he went out to France, writes: "I was glad to get *THE NATION* on Tuesday (April 7th number). I cannot see that it has done anything to encourage the Boches, and I find myself in agreement with most of its views on the war, and I look forward to its arrival more than to that of the 'Morning Post'."

That, sir, is from a Tory of the deepest dye. At least, he was, but I am beginning to have hopes for him.—Yours, &c.,

C. Y.

[We have much unsolicited evidence, not of a public character, of soldiers' objections to the interdict on *THE NATION*.]

REPUBLICANISM AND INDIA.

SIR,—There are drawbacks to Empire. The Maharaja of Bikanir has intervened in the discussion of republican institutions for Europe by informing Manchester that India will tolerate nothing of the sort. This support of India for the rotten monarchies of Greece and Bulgaria is notable. The Maharaja declared that he spoke for himself, his fellow-princes, the Indian Army, and the Indian masses—hitherto mute. A mere Englishman, citizen of this inconsiderable dependency of the Indian Empire, must, I suppose, bow before these decisions of the Maharaja upon the Government of the European corner of the Asiatic Continent.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. WELLS.

April 24th, 1917.

REPUBLICANISM.

SIR,—Such diverse demonstrations as the Albert Hall meeting and Mr. Wells's letter to the "Times" indicate a widespread feeling that we English must prepare ourselves now for our place in a New Europe and a new Empire, and that many minds are turning to Republicanism as the only principle that can combine our various progressive elements and give us the energy for the effort.

There are two stock replies to any advocacy of Republicanism in England. One is that the United Kingdom already is a Republic: the other that the British Empire never can be. Both are untrue, as any Englishman feels who, like myself, has lived in foreign Republics or in the Dominions. This Kingdom is, indeed, in every essential the antithesis of a republic; whereas the Dominions, with the exception of personal sentiment for the Sovereign, are essentially republican. For Republicanism is much more than substituting a President for a King; and this Kingdom is not republican because it has not republican liberty for certain subject minorities, because it has not republican equality so long as other minorities exercise a privileged supremacy, and because it has, in consequence, no republican fraternity either in its internal or international relationships. Nor is there any remedy for London's Byzantinism short of a real national renaissance in each constituent community of the Kingdom. Without some such renaissance we must be prepared to see the United States take the place in the new Europe hitherto held by the United Kingdom.

Therefore, those who look to a renaissance through revolutionary republicanism are right in principle, but are faced by the difficulty that England is neither revolutionary nor republican. We have not had a Republican Party since the last great war, and any discontents consequent on this war are not likely to take an anti-monarchical form. So some compromise seems necessary which will enable us to benefit at home and abroad by adherence to the republican principle without offence to personal loyalty. It is, after all, in combining the incompatible that our political genius excels; and the present Constitutional Monarchy—a compromise between Divine Right and Democracy—is no more impracticable or illogical than would be the compromise between republican nationalism and royalist imperialism here suggested.

Taking republican nationalism first, it is suggested that a movement amounting to a national renaissance might be promoted in the nations composing the United Kingdom in support of a republicanism which would carry with it a full progressive programme. In England itself the actual constitutional changes would be in no way revolutionary, and would consist mostly in reorganizing and regularizing the changes already made by the war. Thus the war has tended to transform a Parliamentary Premier into a plebiscitary President; in other words, whereas Mr. Gladstone governed by authority of Parliament, subject to appeals to the people, Mr. George rather governs by authority of the people, subject to appeals to Parliament. An even more efficient form of Government would be a President elected for a term of years, governing, as in America, through a personal Cabinet, and controlled by Parliamentary Committees. Nationalist republican movements for the acquisition of similar systems in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales would develop nationalist energies there that would no longer be wasted in collision with our own Imperialism. The substitution of Presidents for Governors in the Dominions would make little material difference there, but all the difference in the world in their relationship to us.

The establishment of such Republican Commonwealths would set free the Crown for its proper historic imperial functions in expressing the sense of solidarity of individual inhabitants of the Empire. As Emperor of the British, and no longer King of England, the imperial position of the Sovereign would be improved, and his prestige would no longer be exposed to the possibility of being impaired by his being involved in our domestic controversies. He could then reside for several months in the year in overseas capitals and revive the Royal progresses by which English sentiment was originally solidified in support of the Crown. An Imperial Council could be charged with purely imperial affairs, subject to the consent and co-operation of the constituent Commonwealths, who would control their own forces and such foreign relations as concerned each one individually. By thus reducing the privileged position in the Empire of our ruling class we should remove the main obstacles and objections to the development of such an Imperial Confederation into an Imperial Federation; a development, moreover, that would involve no militarist menace for other associations of States.

A British Empire revitalized and reconstructed on such lines could co-operate morally and mentally on an equality with the Republics of America, France, and Russia. We can, in fact, best contribute to a new Europe by making a new Empire, and to a new Empire by making a new England. Russia has qualified for the new Europe by revolutionizing its internal polity, America by revolutionizing its international position; perhaps we can best do so by revolutionizing our imperial point of view.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE YOUNG.

12, Holland Street, W. April 24th, 1917.

THE POLICY OF REPRISALS.

SIR,—It is cause for thankfulness that THE NATION newspaper has protested against the air-raid on the open town of Freiburg. Cannot the protest be widened? The Bishop of Ely has written an excellent letter to the "Times." And there are many, I feel sure, who share his "profound regret," and are only silent because they do not wish to embarrass the Government. But the question is too serious for silence. It concerns the just reputation of England for humanity. Reprisals of this type have not even the plea of military advantage: on the contrary, they only risk the lives of our own fighting-men. They will not stop the torpedoing of our hospital-ships. This is expressly admitted by the Admiralty statement: they can only, it is said, be "punitive in effect," not "deterrent." And punitive! We ask how? By discharging bombs, without warning, on innocent women and children. It is as though, because a ruffian had murdered my mother, I should proceed to murder his.

This whole practice of "frightfulness" is abhorrent to the true English tradition, still nobly exemplified. The "Times" itself, which endorsed the raid, now praises our English sailors for "rescuing Germans at sea, while theirs were sending our wounded to the bottom." "This rescue work," it adds, very truly, "maintains the finest traditions of the British Navy, and we would not have it otherwise. Let that shield be kept untarnished."

Admirable, but absolutely inconsistent with the Freiburg raid.—Yours, &c.,

F. MELIAN STAWELL.

April 23rd, 1917.

WHICH PAPERS PLAY THE ENEMY'S GAME?

SIR,—There is one aspect of the fashion in which the Military Holy Office exercises its moral and intellectual dictatorship that does not seem to have been sufficiently emphasized in this discussion.

A year or so since, an eminent neutral (whose name is well known to the British public), after a visit to Germany, and after having seen something of the officials in the German Foreign Office, assured me that the German Government were taking considerable pains to select from the "Morning Post," the "National Review," the "Daily Express," "John Bull," and like publications, all those articles of the "knock-out" order—those forecasting the virtual annihilation of the German Empire, the destruction of its trade by the "war after the war," the exaction of huge indemnities, and so forth, and were organizing a most systematic circulation of them throughout the country, and even to the soldiers in the trenches. My friend put it that the German Government foresaw the necessity of a very serious operation in moral strategy. As the important element of "moral" could no longer rest upon the expectation of overwhelming victory and imperial glory, it had to be based upon a stronger, profounder, and more universal sentiment—that of defence of the Fatherland, of elementary rights. For the purposes of this new moral "orientation," the enemy Government had to show its people that they were, in fact, fighting a defensive war, and for that purpose was using systematically and successfully a certain section of the British Press.

Could any journalistic effort be of greater use to the German Government for the purposes of its propaganda in the circumstances just mentioned than this British announcement as to what will happen to the German people unless they support their Government than, say the following:—

"The main conditions (of peace) are: First the complete dismemberment of the German Empire; its redivision into separate States, each under the control of a Governor to be nominated by the Allies (and not a Hohenzollern amongst them); with a war indemnity charged upon its revenue; and no army or fleet. . . . Austria and Hungary must become separate kingdoms. . . . Heligoland must come back to Britain, and the Kiel Canal must be denationalized. All the German colonies must be divided among the Allies as they decide. . . . The German navy must be split up among Britain and her Allies. . . . and until the last penny of indemnity is paid there must be an Allied Army of Occupation in the various German and Austrian States."

Thus "John Bull" (September 16th). Mr. Bottomley, with his two million readers, may not count with us, but he will serve the purpose of the German Government.

And here is Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose name, after all, is known in Germany. His terms ("Weekly Despatch," December 24th, 1916) are:—

"I do not say 'peace' will come by 1917, for treaties cannot be made with savages. And the crushing for ever of the Prussian monster and reparation for its crimes can only be obtained by systematic occupation of their capital cities, with an annual tribute in kind (they are utterly bankrupt of money) to be exacted for a generation."

Our Government seem dimly to realize that this kind of thing is a valuable moral asset to the enemy Government, and prevents a wedge being driven between that Government and the people, since in its reply to President Wilson in January it declared: "The political disappearance of the German peoples has never, as has been pretended, formed part of their (the Allies') designs." But what is the use of a declaration of that kind when little more than a month later the Press resounds with the Haig interview containing this statement:—

"War is not merely a shock of armies. . . . For the tranquillity of the world, Germany must for ever be broken up. . . . It took months to check this nation of more than fifty million men. It will take several months still to annihilate it."

To which of these two statements—that of the Allied Note or that of the journalistic interview—is the German Government likely to give most currency?

Have papers of the order of those mentioned above ever been "disciplined" for the most palpable playing of the enemy game in this fashion? Have they been prevented from going abroad?—Yours, &c.,

A.

April 25th, 1917.

Poetry.

TO THE STATESMEN

(of all Nations).

THE time has come!—the time, I say, has come!

Though helpless man endures, and lords and kings
And counsellors, some lie there stark, and some

Still burn to Mars Minerva's offerings,
Yet is the time now come; and they who love

Their country and the everlasting good
Must feel a very inward spirit move.

Therefore, throw down the sword, dabbled with blood—
Or come from out places of dumb retreat—

Assume the toga! Mount the rostrum! Cry
In the assemblages and down the street,

Over the hills and to the farthest sky:
"Reason shall come into her own again!"

Too long, too long nightmare delirium
Has held humanity a prey to pain.

The time has come—I say the time has come
That the dark spell at last be broken. See!

The heady passion of a reeling world
Is sunk into a weary misery,

The fighter clamors that the flag be furled.
Only snug, fattening merchants or well-fed

And comfortable overlords still yell:
"Lo! all the virtues of all men are dead;

Heaven's to be found but in eternal Hell!"
Take, then, the toga and your courage; come!

Give them the lie who blaspheme all mankind.
Deem it reproach to tarry longer dumb!

Count it a crime to stay a moment blind!
The world waits for deliverance. In his heart

Man cries for peace. But you, and you alone,
Possess the power to play the savior's part.

Dethrone the devil! Give God back His own!

EQUES.

Egypt.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A History of the British Army." Vol. VIII. 1811-1812. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. (Macmillan. 30s. net.)
 "Early English Adventurers in the East." By Arnold Wright. (Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Borderlands of Science." By A. T. Scholfield. (Cassell. 6s. net.)
 "Through Life and Round the World: Being the Story of My Life." By Raymond Blathwayt. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Livery of Eve." By F. W. Bain. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "A Thorn in the Flesh." By Rhoda Broughton. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

PUBLISHERS are not very cheerful in these days. But, in spite of everything, new books continue to appear, and I am surprised at the number of novels and volumes of verse that manage to come from the Press. Novels, in particular, are ubiquitous throughout the world of books, and are encroaching more and more upon the territory formerly held by their rivals. I realized this more than ever the other day. Feeling, as I suppose the war has led some other people to feel, that to know a little more about geography would not be amiss, I consulted a "Guide to Geographical Books and Appliances," prepared by members of the Geographical Association, and published for that body by Messrs. George Philip. It has been compiled by experts, and is a useful publication which I recommend to those who need a descriptive catalogue of books on geography. But judge of my surprise when I came upon a chapter headed "Geographical Novels." I felt like some watcher of the world of books when a new literary form swims into his ken. Up to that moment I had not known that such a thing as a geographical novel existed. Indeed, I am not absolutely sure of its existence even now. Novels that have a large geographical element in them, yes. But geographical novels—well, I have my doubts, unless, indeed, they are what used to be known as travellers' tales. Is "Robinson Crusoe" a geographical novel?

"THERE are," says the writer of the chapter I have mentioned, "many good works of fiction which are distinctly geographical, beyond the multitude which have 'local color.' And assuming that the geography of novels and tales is accurate, a strong case may be made out for their use by students, and more especially by teachers." A strong case, undoubtedly, but not an overwhelming one. That distinguished theologian, Dr. George Salmon, who was also a great reader of novels, once refused to read "Robert Elsmere," for the reason that "he liked his theology neat." The historical novel has come in for a fair share of similar criticism. Sir Francis Palgrave held that "historical novels are mortal enemies to history," while Freeman urged students who wished to understand the age of the Crusaders, not to read "Ivanhoe" if they could so steel themselves. Sir Leslie Stephen, too, who was certainly no pedant, had some severe things to say about the historical novel. "Either," he wrote, "the novel becomes pure cram, a dictionary of antiquities dissolved in a thin solution of romance, or, which is generally more refreshing, it takes leave of accuracy altogether, and simply takes the plot and costume from history, but allows us to feel that genuine moderns are masquerading in the dress of a bygone century." And on another occasion he described "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" as "brilliant and almost solitary exceptions to the general dreariness of the historical novel."

THIS seems to me to be putting the case of the devil's advocate far too strongly. I rather agree with M. Gaston Deschamps, who, while admitting that historical novels are open to the criticism of those who care for novels, and to the contempt of those who respect history, yet confesses that for him Richard Cœur de Lion would have been little more than a name unless he had read "The Talisman," and Richelieu and Mazarin mere shadows without "The Three Musketeers." Most of us could make a similar confession.

I once heard a man, whom even his enemies would not deny to be a scholar, assert that, for the broad outlines of history, Scott and Dumas were better than a score of textbooks. If I thought that geographical novels would perform a similar service, I would certainly turn to them with zest. My difficulty is that I have but a vague notion of what it is that constitutes a geographical novel. Everything, of course, turns upon a definition, and, if geography is "the exact and organized knowledge of the distribution of phenomena on the surface of the earth, culminating in the explanation of the interaction of man with his terrestrial environment," then most novels are geographical, at least in some degree, but then so, too, are most other books.

JUST as M. Jourdain talked prose without knowing it, so I find that I have been learning geography from novels without realizing it. The writer of the chapter on "Geographical Novels" convinced me of this, though none of the books on his list is geographical in the sense in which an historical novel is historical. That there can be a good deal of geography in a novel, is clear from his notes on some of the books he recommends, books which most of us have read for other reasons. Mr. Erskine Childers's "The Riddle of the Sands," for example, has "a vivid picture of coastal navigation in waters beset by sandbanks and overhung by fog that surpasses in clearness, as well as in interest, any treatise on marine surveying." I can well believe, too, that the description of a cyclone in Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "The Conquerors" helps to an understanding and appreciation of the diagrams and statistics given in books on physical geography, or that Miss Elizabeth Robins's "The Magnetic North" leaves the reader with a far stronger impression of the long, dreary Northern winter than any description in a text-book. I have learnt more about India from Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Flora Annie Steel than from any other source, and my knowledge of the physical features of the Carpathians and of Norway has been mainly got from Jokai and Bjornson. But I should hesitate to class any of these writers as geographical, and I am inclined to doubt whether any novel of purely, or even predominantly, geographical interest has yet been written.

TURNING from novels to the volumes of verse that, as I mentioned, join with them just now in increasing the world of books, I would draw the attention of connoisseurs to a small collection of "Rationalistic and other Poems," dedicated to "The Princess of Hindoostan and the Consolidation of the British Empire," and published by the British Bardic Brotherhood. Here are a couple of examples of how the author aims at consolidating the Empire:—

"O, give us the Princess Royal. India's is the claim,—
 The Princess of Hindoostan henceforward be her name.
 For just as the eldest Prince is given to men o' Wales,
 So India for such a recognition now bewails.

"For goods of the English—make our Hind is the bazaar.
 The foods of the English come from India so afar.
 O, give us the Princess Royal, etc.

"Perfection of any kind the world has not yet known;
 So quietly India disadvantages has borne
 O, give us the Princess Royal, etc."

And remembering that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, our poet sees in sport another consolidating force:—

"The character in part of a youngster
 Is formed at sports when he is enjoying
 On fields or healthy games in enclosure,
 And thus begets traits good in acquiring.
 That one will be a saint or a failure
 Who only reads and hates to be playing.

"From the tennis-play of strenuous hitting
 The quickness of returning the bouncer
 Is got, as in badminton neat placing
 Of a shuttle-cock the puzzling fier.
 In ping-pong quickness more there is wanting
 To send the ball with strokes of sharp measure.

"In saving life a regular treasure
 Is found by those quite well up in swimming.
 They get the healthy chest with the pleasure,
 And they can be so readily helping
 To save at once the lives of some others,
 And thus increase for others good feeling."

The author of these lines, it may be necessary to add, has gained several academic distinctions, and is a Fellow or Member of numerous scientific and learned societies.

PENGUIN.

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Reviews.

THE MIND OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER.

"Neath Verdun, August-October, 1914." By MAURICE GENEVOIX. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Battles and Bivouacs: A French Soldier's Note-Book." By JACQUES ROUJON. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

THE French people, supreme to-day in the work of war, show equal supremacy in the work of war literature. The writers with the British Army have produced great quantities of readable matter, all approximating to the presentation of a certain type. That type—whether true to life or no—will probably live in history. It is of the men of the New Army suddenly transplanted abroad—the Ian Hay-Boyd Cade-Bairnsfather hero, cheerful, grumbling, humorous, friendly, regarding the whole thing as a great joke or a great bore. How far this is a caricature, how far a truthful picture, let those decide afterwards who have been through this particular hell. These brilliant French writers present a type absolutely different—a type so different that it would seem impossible that each would ever understand the other. Here are absent many of the elements of the British picture. There is less contentment, less acceptance of present conditions, less indifference to the meaning of it all. There is fierce bitterness at the violation of the actual soil of "La Patrie," more self-conscious devotion to the national cause of France—that France which possesses the unchallenged right of demanding all from her children. There is the open confession of all the discomforts and dangers of the war, of the fear that haunts all but the few, of the imminent danger of death, of the panic which comes upon the watchers of the night in the woods, of the fatigue, the wretchedness, the sickness and wounds and blood. But there is an amazing vividness and reality in description of events and upheavals which the sane mind of Europe had refused to accept as possible. Just as the "Mr. Britling" of the English novelist may stand a century hence as a record of how the Great Catastrophe came into rural England at home, so these narratives may endure a similar earthly immortality as a record of how the same catastrophe came to those whom it hurled without question and without respite into the heart of the desperate business of war. The work of M. Roujon is a work of journalism at its best. That of M. Genevoix is of literature, with choice of subject and distinction of style which show that the early remarkable promise of this writer may take him through such astonishing experiences into the first rank of those who have found inspiration even in the greatest of human calamities. "Neath Verdun" is a misleading title, for it inevitably suggests experience of the heroic defence of the first six months of last year. But all the life described here by M. Maurice Genevoix belongs to an earlier time and to a very different kind of fighting—the open manoeuvres, confused and often disastrous, which proceeded along Eastern France in the first three months of the conflict. There is here, therefore, all the interest of a sudden cataclysm. One moment the accepted food and sleep and literary work are continuing in security and repose. The next, this young writer finds himself suddenly flung into an atmosphere of blood and fire, encompassed by battle and sudden death. The experiences revealed are terrific enough; those excised, more so, for there are many scores of blank pages and censored paragraphs. The whole truth about certain war experiences cannot be told to those who have still to go through them. But the author—a second year student at the Ecole Normale, Paris, and author of a study of Maupassant—with simplicity and distinction of writing and an extraordinary power of calling up the impression of the moment ere it passes—has provided here one of the most haunting and convincing narratives of the realities of war.

M. Roujon, a writer on the "Figaro" when the war began, covers the same period of confused, desultory, open fighting, and in the form of a diary records personal experience from the moment of mobilization to the period when France is secure. Each person of the platoon or company becomes in his description not a numbered item of an ingre-

dient of cannon fodder, but a human being, individual, distinctive, vital; each hating the business of slaughter or suffering, turning his mind always to peace and the loved ones at home; each exceedingly reluctant to die. Here, also, immediately the company is freed from imminent danger, food and comfort fill all men's minds. In battle there is no shirking, but everywhere the lightly wounded are regarded as objects of envy: everywhere there is passionate hope (then before two subsequent years of world fighting) of a speedy and successful peace. "After all," he confesses, "we make a jest of everything. This is the secret of that dash and enthusiasm boasted of in the official *communiqués* and about which civilians must have the most vague ideas." Yet "the source of our moral lies in the fact that we accept life as we find it." Above all, after violent danger, "we spend the day in relishing the pleasure of being alive—a sensation unknown to civilians." Yet there is always a background of high sentiment and poetry and something of the grand air—as in this incident of the first All Saints' Day of the war. The commander of the company addresses them:—

"Above the grotto are buried four Englishmen, killed here last month. On All Saints' Day you would not like their tombs, which you have seen so often, to appear neglected. Make some wreaths, and we will all go together and place them on the graves of those who died in defence of our soil. It is not your commander, it is your comrade, who asks this of you."

"The men silently leave the ranks and set out into the wood. In less than an hour they have made up beautiful wreaths of ivy and holly. . . . The graves, indicated by a couple of crosses, have become pretty tombs. The entire company turned up on the hillock for the simple ceremony. Our lieutenant saluted in memory of our unknown brothers who have given their lives for France. We shouted aloud, 'Vive l'Angleterre.' The picket rendered the honors due, and each man returned to his post."

In the work of M. Genevoix the emotion is perhaps more concentrated, and the record is blurred with the passing, at so frequent intervals, of this hot, abundant life, suddenly into silence. There is more self-conscious analysis of emotion and more self-conscious writing. Conspicuous is a series of vignette pictures, reminiscent of Whitman's battle vignettes, of a cloudy autumn evening of depression, of the regiment swinging off along sodden roads, dejected in defeat, of the charge over the cornfields, so speedily dyed red, on a hot September day. This work, says M. Lavissee,

"glorifies our Poilu; reveals him as a man, highly strung and impressionable, capable of panic—the work quotes instances of such panic—but at the same time, patient despite his temperament, enduring well-nigh beyond the powers of human endurance; a grumbler against heaven and earth, desiring always to be able precisely to account for all things—in particular he wishes to know where he is going and why he is going! A jester, full of strange quips and cranks, but docile on the whole, loving those officers who show their care for him; familiar with those who permit it, with a familiarity purely deferential; in fact, possessed of attributes and virtues which defy precise definition, wholly admirable without the slightest consciousness of it."

At one time they are "defiling through the gloomy evening." "Our steps resound lugubriously and violate the surrounding desolation." At another they are passing through an avenue of dead men, whose bodies, decomposing and horrible, have been laid out "sloped backwards" facing the road as though to watch them pass. At another, terrible and passionate cries resound from the wounded on the battlefield, calling on "Mother" and "Jeanne" for water, on God, that they may not die there. Again, in the bombardment, "with bodies hunched together, heads hidden beneath knapsacks, muscles strained and controlled," they are found "agonizingly awaiting the nerve-shattering shock of the explosions." But—again, all the menace of unborn tomorrow and the horror of dead yesterday is forgotten in the present luxury of a hot meal and a real sleep between white sheets—in a real bed. The distant sound of bells, drifting over the woodlands, he calls the "rhythm of the immortal life of the Patrie." And the melancholy underlying all the work is welcomed by M. Lavissee, for "was there ever equal cause for human sadness," he inquires, as this "retrograde movement towards the almost forgotten barbarity of a humanity we thought was marching to new horizons?" "Where the Germans, hailing from all parts of Germany, steep themselves to satisfaction in joys purely cannibalistic, how shall

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the soldier of France control his tears, or, rather, how shall he find heart to weep?"

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Other people evoke admiration—this people a personal affection. Something of that affection can be understood better from such records as these of the "common people" than from any elaborate eulogies of the greatness and grandeur of that splendid race. Here—better than amongst historic monuments, or the catalogue of great men, or the records of fresh wonders—can be understood, in confused and scattered contests, amongst those who loved life and hated war, something of the Glories of France.

THE CHRONICLE OF LYME.

"The House of Lyme." By the Lady NEWTON. (Heinemann, 21s. net.)

It is not given to all of us to possess a magnificent country house, with Grinling Gibbons wood-carvings on the panels of the hall, with a gallery of family and royal portraits from the beginning of the seventeenth century onwards, with a park of incomparable red deer, with one of the rarest Caxtons in existence (the Sarum Missal), and an ancestor reported by Holinshed, rather dubiously in fact, as having rescued the standard of the Black Prince before the gates of Caen. But the reader has the privilege of enjoying sumptuous possessions vicariously, and for this we are indebted to Lady Newton, who, though occasionally liable to the temptation of soft music, writes a very creditable history of the Leghs—a shrewd, cautious, homely, but by no means uninteresting family, still the lords of their Cheshire mansion. The book has that air of neatness and compactness which not only means the tactful elimination of inessentials, but disguises the pains and preserves the fruits of a really immense and gallant industry.

The house was built by the seventh Sir Piers or "Perkyn" or Peter in the forties of the sixteenth century. Mary Queen of Scots, Leicester, and the third Earl of Essex (with Arthur Wilson, the dramatist, who wrote an account of the annual driving of the deer over the Stag Pond, in his train), visited Lyme, and Sir Piers's grandson, Peter, probably served with the incompetent Leicester's disastrous expedition to the Netherlands. Leicester also received a present of a pair of the celebrated Lyme mastiffs (as large as small donkeys), and a pair was sent as a gift

by James I. to Philip III. of Spain, where they reappear in one of Velasquez's canvases of Philip IV.'s children. The ninth and last Sir Peter (born 1563) was a celebrated character, and appears in an acrostic poem of Richard Robinson's, a wretched poetaster, in 1589. He was twice married—to the delicate Margaret (of whom there is a charming portrait) and the very business-like Dorothy. He was an able, grasping, tyrannical disciplinarian, and treated his children far more sourly than his beasts. His covetousness permanently alienated him from his eldest son, Piers, who married against his consent. Lady Newton gives a very agreeable picture of this son, gently remonstrating for years against his father's unreasonableness, and only taking the final step because a craven surrender was incompatible with his self-respect. Sir Peter lived to a great age, and, like all the Leghs, steered his course very circumspectly among the rocks and shallows of Stuart politics. On his death, in 1635, there was a minority at Lyme, until Piers's eldest son, Peter, came of age. He, a dashing young gallant, was killed in one of the very numerous duels of the age, and the estate fell to Francis, a younger son of old Sir Peter and his wife Lettice. The Leghs throughout took very little active part in politics, being content to send unambitious members to Parliament and to rule their large demesne. Thanks to this and their private friendship with Charles I.'s judge, Sir John Bradshawe, they escaped the perils of the Commonwealth.

With the Restoration, the most engaging personality of all the dynasty reigns in his father's stead. Richard stands out in the greatest possible contrast to his grandfather, Sir Peter (except in their common good sense and capacity). His wife Elizabeth (brother to Rear-Admiral Sir John Chicheley, who fought the Dutch, and of whom appears an extremely fine unsigned portrait) had thirteen children, and Richard very considerably relaxed the iron laws of parentage towards his "dear bantlings." We are all sentimentalists when it comes to the felicitous love-affairs of the past, and Lady Newton wisely dwells upon the marital concord of Richard and Elizabeth. This is an extract from one of his very readable and affecting letters to his wife while in London as member for Newton:—

"Dearest, I want nothing this night to compleat the joy I am in but thy deare company and the brate. Ever since I saw thee I have not eate nor drank before five o'clocke except Monday, the House having eate these two days so late, and this day the King's party therein hath overvoted their opposers in everything, and struck so great a stroke into his businesse that I hope in God to be with thee in as short a time as possible thou canst expect."

The Leghs were always steady rather than ardent Royalists, and Richard's heir, Peter, was even falsely imprisoned in the Tower for a reputed complicity in a Jacobite conspiracy against William III. But they were always landlords rather than politicians, and Richard's political reports to his wife are always more those of an interested and faintly ironical spectator than a partizan. James II. stayed at "sweet Lyme," and both he and that Royal man of parts, his brother, liked and respected the Leghs for the quiet and worthy country gentlemen they were. Highly gifted they were not, but there does not seem to have been one of them, in all their long and prosperous line, who was a downright fool or knave. Few great families can say as much. The benign, modest, and handsome Richard died in 1687 (Lely painted one of his best portraits of him before his style had become a mannerism), when he was fifty-four, but his strong-minded and imperious Elizabeth survived until 1728. Lady Newton does not take us any further than their great-nephew Peter, a weak man who did not get on with his shrewish wife, Martha, and fell away into dissipation. Altogether an honest gallery of capable squires.

Though Lady Newton's genealogical romance is as accurate as it is devoted and agreeable, she makes two bad mis-statements. "The first coaches, private or otherwise," she says, "were scarcely in existence before the Commonwealth." Now, coaches were brought into England by William Boonen, the Queen's Dutch coachman, in 1564, nearly a century before, and were rolling all over England by 1580. Secondly, she declares that the earliest mention of billiards occurs in Cotton's "Compleat Gamester," published in 1674. Like many other of our pastimes, billiards and cards came to us direct from Spain. "Bal-

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liards" is enumerated in a list of games published in "Cyvile and Uncyvile Life" as early as 1597, and Cotgrave defines "Billiard" in 1611 as "the sticke wherewith we touch the ball at billyards." It is supposed that the "green cloth" owes its name to the game being played originally on a green out-of-doors. There is, too, the famous Shakespearean reference: "Let it alone; let's to billiards" (*Ant. & Cleop.* ii. v. 3). We wish we had space to touch upon Lady Newton's architectural and housekeeping account of Lyme, and the details she has accumulated from old letters about the domesticities. Such details, if not the meat, are certainly the vegetables of history.

MR. BERESFORD'S NEW NOVEL.

"House-Mates." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE attack led by our more thoughtful novelists against middle-class "dull immobility" and the "drab uniformity and ugliness" of life in our great towns is renewed by Mr. Beresford in "House-Mates." The war is certainly changing the outlook of many classes in the community, and many readers who would have shied at plain-speaking two years ago will, to-day, regard "House-Mates" as nothing out of the common. Mr. Beresford's hero, Wilfred Hornby, is an ordinary young Englishman, the son of a country parson, who comes to London as an articulated pupil to the firm of architects, Heaton and Baxter, where he works for eleven years. In the ordinary way, Wilfred, after one or two furtive amours, would have married his rich, doll-like cousin, Gladys, and have settled down comfortably to professional routine, a suburban home, and a conventional outlook. He does, indeed, become engaged to Gladys, this sharp, pretty girl, with her decorative pose and "hard, unvarying surface"; but, luckily, Gladys agrees with her father that Wilfred must work up a practice of his own and make a good income, say £800 a year, before he can claim her. So Wilfred leaves Heaton and Baxter, and, with a commission or two, establishes his office on the ground-floor of 73, Keppel Street. This house, with its series of unconventional, shifting tenants, serves as an "incubator," in which Wilfred's "unknown self" escapes from its hardening shell, and hatches out into a real life of individual expression.

We are not, we own, quite satisfied that this rather priggish young man, who was so intent on attaining an income and a position, would in fact have proved so susceptible to unconventional influences. But he speedily falls in love—beautifully, wonderfully in love—with the charming, modest and sensitive girl Judith Carrington, and here begins his "spiritual enlargement." It is difficult to define what the subtle change in Wilfred's outlook definitely amounts to, but he gradually exchanges the ideal of "conformity"—perhaps the most insidious vice of our middle-class civilization—for freedom of the mind, and for charity of judgment. The tenants of 73, Keppel Street are certainly an emancipated lot. There is the shifty little foreign landlord, Pferdinger, who lets his first-floor to a lady of no reputation, Miss Whiting, because she pays him double rent; then there is Miss Carrington herself, who has escaped from her petrified Victorian aunts and is saddled with her man-hating friend, Helen, who is ready to go any length to "save" her from Wilfred. The dramatic scene in which the hysterical Helen, obsessed with the idea that she must expose this "woman-hunter" by surrendering herself to him, is a keen analysis of a starved woman's jealousy.

Mr. Beresford's psychological frankness establishes convincingly the moral "values" of the situation, and his plain speaking here exemplifies the healthier attitude of our novelists to-day towards the sexual life. The idea of the last generation was that morality was safeguarded by preserving the "conventions" behind the veil of reticence. But we have only to read the passages in which the ugly nature of Miss Rose Whiting's "profession" is brought home to us in all its despairing debasement of the feminine ideal, to feel that a vitalizing current of fresh air is sweeping through a stuffy, shuttered room. Mr. Beresford's novel, indeed, in its patient, realistic conscientiousness, makes for spiritual integrity and the freedom of the mind against "the dull

concession to a stale rule." At one end of the scale he shows us the spiritual smugness of his respectable, position-worshipping, profit-hunting, Hampstead family, the Williamsses, with the ornamental Miss Gladys as its flower; at the other end is the defiant, outraged figure of the Keppel Street prostitute, who is finally the victim of a brutal murder. The scene of the murder, in the first-floor rooms at Keppel Street, is curiously haunting in its mean and sinister atmosphere. And the episode contrasts well with the closing atmosphere of the thrill and elation of true love in the young hero's breast. "Surely we are moving towards a recognition of the universal claim to beauty and imagination," says the hero, addressing the younger generation. They must decide.

The Week in the City.

DURING the last fortnight the Stock Markets, on the whole, have been cheerful, though optimism and pessimism have been strangely mixed. The gloomy statements of Ministers about food supplies and the approach to privation, have been balanced by military successes and by frequent reports that Turkey and Bulgaria, if not also Austria, are on the point of coming to terms. The improvement in Russian Government Bonds has been steady, and they now stand higher than before the Revolution. Rubber shares have reacted, and on Wednesday the general tone of the Stock Markets was rather less favorable, though Chinese and Japanese Bonds were in demand. Short loans have generally been at from 4 to 4½ per cent., and discount business on a small scale, so far as trade and bank bills are concerned. The Government is again relying largely upon Treasury Bills and Exchequer Bonds to finance the war, and the system of tenders is being modified. Probably before long the old plan of daily sales will return to favor. Monday's Budget is not expected to yield any sensations. But there seems some reason now to hope that a serious effort will be made to cut down war waste in view of the fact that 170 M.P.s or more, are backing Colonel Collins's motion for a committee to control expenditure. The issue of a 40-million loan in the United States to Great Britain, just announced, is the first fruits of America's entry into the war.

THE NITRATE POSITION.

One of the many industries to benefit from the war is the nitrate industry, partly on account of the unparalleled demand for explosive purposes which has been created. The year 1916 was a record one for the nitrate industry. In "Nitrate Facts and Figures, 1917," Mr. A. F. Brödie James's annual work, the usual admirable collection of statistics and records of the various companies is set out. Production during the year totalled nearly 63 million quintals, as compared with 38 million and 53½ million quintals in 1915 and 1914 respectively. The entire output was shipped from the West Coast of South America—a tribute to our command of the sea—and in the opening months of 1917 the commodity was quoted well above 10s. per quintal for prompt shipment f.o.b. Chile. The majority of producers, however, have sold forward their prospective outputs at a lower level, but with an average cost of about 6s. 6d. per quintal f.o.b. Chile, there must still remain a good margin for profit. There should be a large demand after the war for agricultural purposes, not only from enemy countries, whose stocks must be replenished, but from all over the world, so that the outlook for producing companies is distinctly hopeful. Two companies—namely, the Salar del Carmen and the Barrechea—have recently purchased large areas from the Chilean Government. In the case of the Barrechea Company, the plots acquired for £21,200 are said to contain nearly 2 million quintals, and it seems that the oficina, which had been closed since 1909, will resume operations very shortly. Another point in favor of nitrate companies is the improvement in the Chilean Exchange.

LUCILLUM.

